3 TIMES A WEEK? 7 INCHES? 2 TEASPOONS? ARE YOU NORMAL? P76

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with

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MODERN MAN SKILLS

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GAME OF THRONES SEX TIPS... EH?


RIVER ISLAND
#IMWEARINGRI

ARE YOU NORMAL?

#305

STEPHANIE PRATT
SHOT FOR FHM BY
ZOEMCCONNELL



ED'S LETTER...

Being normal. It's overrated, it really is. Normal people don't make their mates laugh with stupid voices, they don't drop grapes into people's mouths from 100ft up (see our Instagram @FHMagram), and don't dye their hair green, gurn like a twisted firestarter, selling over 25 million records in the process. We are of course talking about The Keith Flint, who we met and interviewed this month (p40), and who we can confirm is completely the opposite of normal and then some. Luckily most of us, while not being quite as bonkers as the Prodigy front man, aren't run-of-the-mill, drab human beings either (although, scratch the surface, and I've found it's those seemingly duller individuals who are buying wipe-clean sex swings from Amazon).

While we're not endorsing "normalness" we are all fascinated by how we compare with others – especially when it comes to sex swings or otherwise. Look no further than page 76 where we bring you the results from our annual survey of the Men Of Great Britain, from pints drunk per week to how often you lot wash your bed sheets (every three months, really!?). Thanks to the 7,000 of you who took the time to answer the questions on FHM.com – you may not be remotely normal, but really don't go changing. Apart the bed sheets. Change those, for the love of God.

Joe Barnes, editor



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LOOK AWAY NOW IF YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THE ISSUE



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THE TEAM

WHAT FHMERS HAVE BEEN UP TO THIS MONTH

WE THREW A PARTY

How did we celebrate the release of *FHM Collections*? With a big old trendy fashion party at Sharps Barbers, London, of course. Cheers to Red Dog Saloon for the juicy burgers, Krispy Kreme for the tasty doughnuts and Hi-Spirits for convincing us that the endless cocktails were a good idea on a Wednesday night.













WE TOOK A SELFIE

The *FHM* team couldn't pass up the chance of a selfie with cover star Stephanie Pratt, but halfway through the shoot she got her hands on a confetti cannon and went on a bit of a rampage. They managed to bag a few snaps before Pratt unleashed a torrent of paper-cuts upon the three of them.

WE MET A LEGEND

On the one side, a hell-raising, fire-starting punk renegade feared by mothers across the land. On the other, Prodigy lead singer Keith Flint. Chief writer Matt sat down for a pint with the 'scariest man in music' to try and get inside the brain of one of the most notorious front men of all-time. Flip over to page 40 to have a gander.





Daniel Jude
2011 – 2014

It's been five months since Dan left *FHM*, but we've finally come to terms with the fact that he's truly gone. The former deputy editor was responsible for getting Ron Burgundy on the cover, powering-up the 100 Sexiest franchise and frightening multiple celebrities by demanding inappropriate selfies with them. We wish Dan the best of luck in his new job.

FHM
IT'S GREAT TO BE A MAN

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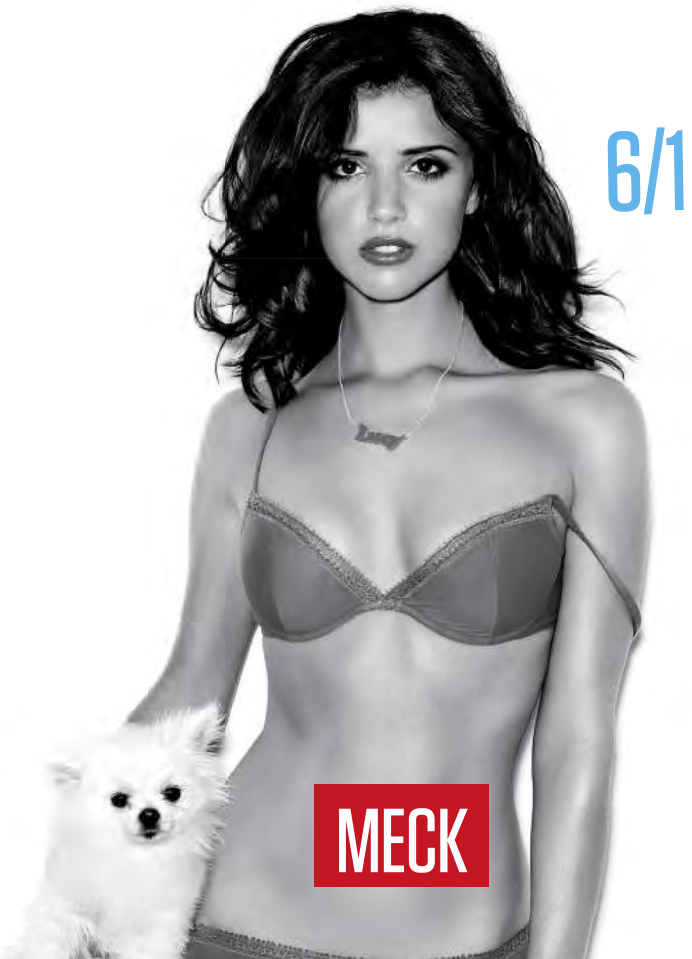


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LETTERS 05/15

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Letter of the month

A vroom with a view

I found myself stuck in traffic for an hour waiting for an over-turned bus to be moved off the road. Normally this would lead to me trying to beat my Flappy Bird score in an attempt to kill the boredom – but luckily I remembered that I had my trusty *FHM* magazine with me! And what a surprise it was when I found myself reading about the very place that I was stuck in, Glencoe! Thanks for helping me survive this experience of being stranded in the arse end of nowhere!

Craig, via email

It's our job to battle your boredom Craig – and because we take our responsibilities very seriously, we've decided to send you a ma-hooo-sive TV and Blu-Ray set. Flappy Bird hasn't got shit on us.



OMG how interesting

Your entertaining list of '10 outrageous lies you should tell about yourself' in the April issue suggested that people often claim to have invented the acronym 'OMG' – but the truth is much more surprising than any whopper *FHM* could devise: the phrase was first used back in 1917 by British admiral Lord Fisher in a letter to Winston Churchill. Talk about old school!

Andrew Spencer, via email

That's some expert Wikipedia-ing, right there Andrew. Here's another little-known fact for you: Winston Churchill communicated entirely through Emojis. History truly is fascinating.

Dishy DJs

I am still not convinced the DJs deserve those whopping pay packets; surely if the musicians are the chefs then the DJs are only the waiters?

David, via email

We think you're a little confused here, David; Absolutely no food is prepared behind the DJ decks – that would be a clear fire risk! Pull yourself together.



Office warfare

I've got a story of loss and woe for you. I had a week off sick recently. A colleague needed some paperwork from my desk, so she decided to check my drawers. I had 19 years worth of *FHM*s stored underneath some files. So what did she do? She dumped the lot in the recycling bin. When I found out, I was a broken man. I was even given an official reprimand for storing non-work materials at the workplace. We no longer speak.

Dan, via email

We think there's only one option: rent a skip, crane-lift it into your office and then dump everybody's possessions into it, before pushing it out of the window. There is literally nothing that could possibly go wrong with that…

BOSS IT



It's time to show the gym who's boss.
Walk in. Tear it up. Walk away.

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Terrific Thierry

I can't stop reading Thierry Henry's brilliant *Collections* interview over and over again. He's a hero, a legend and a god. All hail King Titi!

John, Twitter

We totally agree with you – and that's why we decided to crown Thierry as our official best mate in the whole wide world. OK, he hasn't responded to any of our phone calls or friend requests, but he's probably just busy or something, you know? Get off his back.

The best of friends

FHM was my best friend when my wife recently spent 8 weeks in hospital. Now she is home and I am her carer. She has neuro-muscular disease and *FHM* still keeps me going. Thanks guys.

Tony, via email

We're chuffed to hear that our inane toilet humour is making such a difference, Tony. We wish you and all of your family the best of luck.



Collector's items

I couldn't possibly bring myself to throw away my 20-year collection of *FHM*s, so here they are: all boxed up ready to take to my new house. Here's to many more!

Matt, via email

We commend your loyalty! But instead of lugging them to your new house, why not build a new house out of FHMs? Just hope it never rains.



#FHMManFood of the month

Big ups and back slaps go out to @RossyT85 who, through the power of Instagram hashtagging and meat grilling has bagged himself a crate of BrewDog's Punk IPA courtesy of *FHM* chef DJ BBQ. Here's why: "Hot damn, bro! Not only can I taste these ribs in my mouth, but I can feel the sticky sauce all over my face and fingers. I'm growing out my beard and riding a mammoth just looking at these caveman-style beasts. Top work, dude. Gnaw them bones and wash 'em down with these tasty brewskis."

SHOW US YOUR MAN FOOD!

Every month, we select the greatest culinary triumphs that have been submitted on Twitter and Instagram. Are you the king of crisp sandwiches? Did you make incredible pulled pork last weekend? Then show us with the hashtag #FHMManFood for a chance to win.

@fhm @fhmagram

Send us your letters...

WIN A TV AND BLU-RAY PLAYER WITH *WHEN THE GAME STANDS STILL*

Got something insightful to say about the mag? Well, why don't you tell us about it already? To celebrate the release of *When the Game Stands Tall* on DVD and Digital HD (out now), we're giving next month's letters winner a massive telly and their own copy of this inspiring sports drama.

Inspired by a true story, the film tells the tale of legendary US football coach Bob Ladouceur, who has to lead his team through the turmoil of losing their hallowed 151-game winning streak. All you've got to do to win is send us your brilliant, hilarious and one-of-a-king letter (with picture, if you can) via one of the ways opposite and the huge telly and Blu-Ray combo could be yours.



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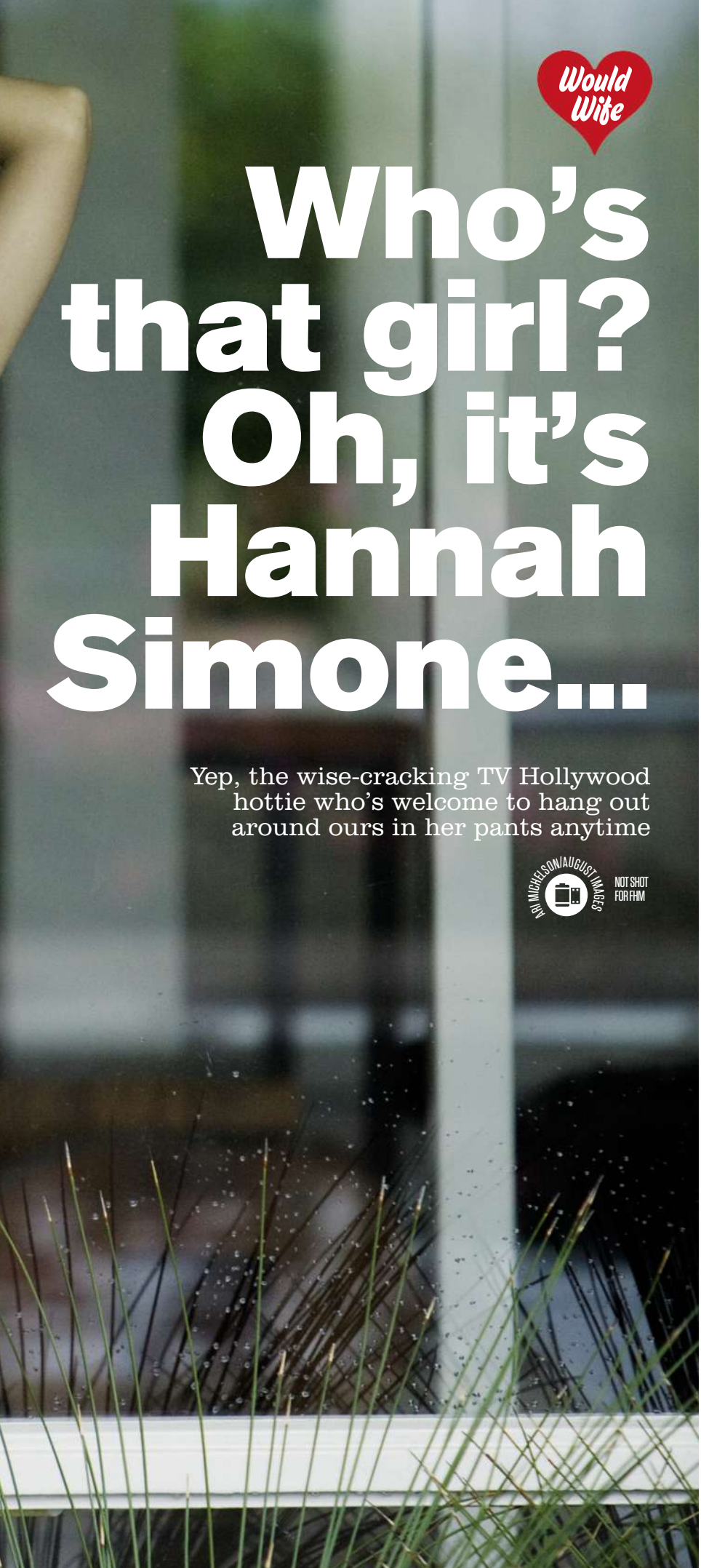
IT'S GREAT TO BE A MAN

EDITED BY CHRIS SAYER



WHO SHE?

Age: 34
Born: London, UK
Likes: Connect 4, high fives, *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart
Twitter: @HannahSimone
Instagram: therealhannahsimone



Who's that girl? Oh, it's Hannah Simone...

Yep, the wise-cracking TV Hollywood hottie who's welcome to hang out around ours in her pants anytime

Whether you're hungover to high hell, pulling a sickie, or simply filling twenty minutes before Saturday's *Come Dine With Me* marathon starts, *New Girl* is up there with the best when it comes to 'affable American sitcoms'.

Zooey Deschanel might be the sort of kooky customer you'd happily let steal your plaid shirts, but her smokin' hot co-star Hannah Simone has also been knocking our socks clean off by being generally wonderful in every way possible. It was during an idle online quest to find out a bit more about Simone that we stumbled upon these preposterously perfect pictures and felt compelled to print 'em in all their glory. Thanks a lot, internet, we always knew you weren't a total bastard.

We found out a fair few other things about Hannah too, which have only served to make her about 95% more attractive. The London-born star was organising benefit concerts for AIDS in her teens and went on to work as a human rights officer for the United Nations before the bright lights of showbiz beckoned. So she'd totally give Bob Geldof a run for his feckin' money.

In more recent times, Simone was busy dishing out pubic advice on behalf of razormongers Gillette, who snapped her up alongside Kate Upton to tell mankind exactly 'what women want'. Thankfully, the answer was not some smooth-chested sexbot, as Simone revealed she likes her chaps to be rough and ready. She said, "I think there's that weird thing when someone takes too much care of themselves. If a guy has, like, topiary forms down there, seriously...?"

Simone's advice isn't limited to matters of the bush, as the *New Girl* star



frequently takes to Twitter to dish out pearls of wisdom to hapless chaps. "I put these free tips on Twitter," she explained to US talk show giant Conan O'Brien, on his talk show, *Conan on TBS*. "This tip was advising men; if you're going to compliment a woman, don't start with her calves... some guy was, like, 'You have very appealing calves' which is pretty creepy." Granted, Simone probably does have lovely calves, but it's definitely not the sort of ice-breaker we'd crack out on a first date in Frankie & Bennys.

Calf-compliments aside, you may be chuffed to hear that Simone is surprisingly approachable when it comes to dating, and was once reported as saying, "If someone wants to take me on a date? I don't know if I'd say no." That sort of claim brings hope to men around the world – even the ones who've experienced the irreparable heartache of having all their lights turned off on *Take Me Out*. The bad news? Don't expect to accidentally encounter Hannah Simone on Tinder. She also told O'Brien, "I have not tried Tinder. I think the whole concept of that is broken, so sorry to the people that are making a lot of money off of it. I think that men – nine out of 10 men that go on there are looking to hook up... they want a shebang-bang. Nine out of 10 women want to find the man that they want to marry. So the whole intent is broken on either side."

Er, yeah, you tell 'em Hannah! Tinder's for idiots, yeah? You definitely won't find *us* idly swiping away as we watch *New Girl* in our pants on a Saturday afternoon. Ahem. FHM

PHOTOGRAPHY: NOT SHOT FOR FHM BY ARI MICHELSON/AUGUST IMAGES

Would Wife



“If you’re going to compliment a woman, don’t start with her calves. It’s pretty creepy…”

HOW I DID IT...

BEN PALMER, 39, FILM AND TV DIRECTOR OF THE INBETWEENERS

I wanted to be a journalist in my teens. I dreamed of doing music reviews for *Q Magazine*, but I realised I was a dreadful writer. So I decided to be a film director instead.
I was a passionate prankster as a kid. I went through a long phase of hiding in my baby sister's bedroom cupboard and waiting until she fell asleep before jumping out to scare her, sometimes in a makeshift costume. I once even climbed onto the roof so I could jump through her skylight. It was incredibly childish but I like to think it showed "commitment to the joke" from an early age. She gave as good as she got, though; on a family holiday she filled my bed with dead prawns.
A life without laughter is a life not worth living. I've always been a big laugher and I'm lucky it's something I'm now paid to make people do. We don't laugh enough in today's world – people take life too seriously. Comedy is the only medicine.
Never be afraid to blag into your first job. Just make up for it with hard work. Before my first interview, I wrote the names of different cameras on my hand and told the producer that I knew how to use them. I didn't. After he gave me the job, I convinced him to lend me a camera for a weekend job I didn't have, to make me look in demand.
I nearly turned down the offer to direct my new film, *Man Up*. It's a British romantic comedy which has almost become a swear word in the business these days. They carry a lot of baggage because of a wave of UK romcoms that have bombed recently.
British romcoms have become too slushy and predictable. I sometimes feel that they patronise viewers with too many clichés. I take inspiration from American films such as *When Harry Met Sally* and *Bridesmaids*. There's a honesty to American romcoms that I like.
There's nothing worse than an actor who thinks he is funny. With comedy, actors either have it in their bones or they don't – it's not something you can teach. I have directed people and thought, "Damn, they don't know the rhythm of this sort of dialogue… they can't see the joke." That is a comedy director's nightmare.
The Inbetweeners' secret is the "shit-I-remember-that!" factor. No matter what age you are, everyone can relate to the comedy of embarrassment and naivety that punctuates that period of everyone's life. I think the show's writers (Damon Beesley and Iain Morris) captured that perfectly.
In directing, you flirt with disaster on a daily basis. The only way of surviving is to embrace the chaos. Everything will work against you, so you just have to enjoy it.
Malia, in Crete, is the most horrendous place I've ever been. We were filming a scene for *The Inbetweeners Movie* where the boys just walk along the strip. I've never seen such carnage. Everyone but us was off their face wearing next to nothing. There were people climbing up the crane, trying to rip down the cameras and at one point, I remember seeing my producer being hoisted in the air and carried off by a group of drunken lads.
I'll never forget the day James Buckley [Jay, The Inbetweeners] nearly blew his face off with a flare gun. He was supposed to shoot it in the air when the boys get stranded in a boat on a school trip. When nothing happened he looked down the barrel to see what was wrong and it fired, missing his face by millimetres.
Don't be afraid to mess things up. It happens. If you assume it's bound to happen at some point, then you'll be prepared when it does. You'll learn from your mistakes.
I'm incredibly superstitious for a practical person. Call me crazy, but I have to listen to the same piece of music three times in my car before every shoot. I first listened to it as a kid before an exam, aced it and have listened to it before every job since. I can't say what the song is in case it loses its power.
Family is everything. I have a five-year-old who, every time I walk through the door, thinks I'm the Beatles. There is no greater stress reliever than your child's smiling face when you come home from a busy day.

Ben Palmer's new film, Man Up, *starring Simon Pegg and Lake Bell, is out on 29 May*





PHOTOGRAPHY: GREG FUNNELL. THANKS TO GREEN ON THE GREEN, ISLINGTON, LONDON

WHAT CAN TYRION LANNISTER TEACH ME ABOUT SEX?

The planet's bloodiest and steamiest show returns to our TV this month, but how much of *Game Of Thrones* should we bring into our bedrooms?

"You like fucking and drinking… but killing, killing's the thing you love." When it comes to summing up what fans of *Game Of Thrones* adore about their beloved medieval fantasy show, these delicate words from Sandor "The Hound" Clegane hit the nail right on the head. Blood, booze and bonking: it's the holy trinity that has helped earned the HBO flagship series the title of 'most downloaded show in history'.

But of the three, it's the uncensored nookie that sets the series apart from the rest of the fantasy genre. A quick search for '*Game Of Thrones* Sex' on the web will prove our point, throwing up a super-cut of every intimate scene in Westeros that's so raunchy, you'd want to cleanse your internet history with dragon fire.

It was on the eleventh watch that *FHM* had a brainwave. These scenes must be the most watched sex scenes of any TV show, ever. There must be a few lessons in there that we can bring into the real world to better our bedroom activity, right? To find out, we asked a number of ladies from the Great British public to see what *Game Of Thrones* sex tips we can learn from, and which are definitely off limits…





SPOILERS AHEAD!

IS IT OK TO PAY FOR SEX?



Petyr 'Littlefinger' Baelish's brothel is more popular than a kebab shop on a Saturday night.
Dianne, 23, from London says: "In my opinion, most sort of pay for it already. Say someone uses Tinder and meets up for a date; they might expect to buy a girl drinks and pay for a meal before they have sex. It's a form of it."
Claire, 20, from London says: "It's not acceptable. It's not that difficult to get sex if you really want it. Just go to a bar."

ARE MIXED-SEX ORGIES CONDUCIVE TO A STABLE RELATIONSHIP?



Oberyn Martell swears by swinging both ways, but the girls on the street seem pretty unbothered by the whole shebang.
Nadia, 24, from York: "Some think that orgies can enhance their sex life. Fair enough, I say."
Gemma, 24, from Somerset: "Not my cup of tea, but each to their own."

IS IT OK TO CUT OFF A MAN'S PENIS AS PUNISHMENT?

It seems a fate worse than death, but would a man ever deserve taking a guillotine to his little fella?
Gemma, 24, from Somerset: "Hmm, it is acceptable if they've done something really bad, but I'd just mash it up with something blunt instead."
Nadia, 24 from York: "Why would you cut off his main 'thing'? There's loads of other things you can do if you want to be the psycho ex."

IS DOGGY-STYLE THE BEST POSITION OF THEM ALL?

No matter which side of the wall you fall on, doing it from behind is the position of choice in Westeros.
Lori, 27 from Devon: "No. For guys it is, but I'm not sure if girls really benefit from it."
Katie, 21 from London: "For me, it's the best."
Dianne, 23, London: "It's good, but there's definitely better positions."

HOW MANY DRINKS IS IT ACCEPTABLE TO HAVE BEFORE SEX?

"I am the god of tits and wine," boasts Tyrion. But are these a perfect match in the real world?
Nadia, 24 from York: "You have got to be able to walk and stay conscious. Don't pass out."
Elizabeth, 20, from Australia: "Tipsy sex is good – you're much more relaxed!"



DOES SIZE MATTER?

He may be small in height, but whatever Tyrion Lannister is packing under his tabard has had a massive effect on the ladies…
Lori, 27 from Devon says: "No! It's what you do with it that matters instead of size. Guys need to stop obsessing about it."
Katie, 21, London says: "It does matter. It needs to reach all the right places."
Claire, 20, from London says: "Nobody wants a teeny-tiny penis, but as long as it's reasonable, then that's fine."

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR. MODEL: RHEA G MIM. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: LILLY BENSON. HELMET FROM HBOSHOPEU.COM

Entertain your brain

07 must-knows for the month ahead

Festival Special



01

Festivals

Book your tickets to summer's coolest parties

Let us begin by giving you a huge congratulations. You beat winter's icy grasp once again, coming out the other side a better, stronger, and frankly hunkier human being. The diets, the drizzle and the dark mornings are behind us, and what lies ahead is a summer so exciting, we can feel the sunburn on our necks already. Need the proof? Then read on, and discover the cream-of-the-crop coolest festivals this planet has ever hosted, each one waiting for you to rock up, drink hard and lose your shit. Trust us, summer 2015 is going to be one to remember (in parts, at least)…







Blow out in the Deep South

Hangout

● Looking out over the Gulf of Mexico, this beachside festie has a ballsy lineup of Foo Fighters, Beck, Skrillex, Major Lazer and Damian Marley. Throw a few extra quid at your ticket and you can get access to backstage VIP swimming pools, an elevated stage-viewing area with hot tubs, and golf carts.
Tickets from £165 / 15-17 May / Gulf Shores, Alabama / hangoutmusicfest.com

Rub shoulders with super-cool Scandis

Øyafestivalen

● The first Øyafestivalen in 1999 boasts 1,000 people. It's now nearly 100 times that size, and has attracted an A-list lineup of Beck, Florence and the Machine, The War on Drugs, Tyler, The Creator and Belle and Sebastian, all while being well eco-friendly, the bloody heroes.
Tickets from £79 / 11-15 August / Sofienberg, Oslo, Norway / oyafestivalen.com

Chug a craft beer in the city

Field day

● Taking over London's hipster-laiden Victoria Park, Field Day is the pick of London's urban festivals. Headlining this year are Caribou and '90s indie types Ride, along with spots from Gaz Coombes, Jane Weaver, Floating Points, Django Django and the brilliantly named Beyond the Wizard's Sleeve. Crack open a craft beer and nod along.
Tickets from £38.50 / 6-7 June / Victoria Park, London / fielddayfestivals.com

EYB Festival Special





Get your devil horns primed

Download

● With the competition stomped into the cider-soaked mud, Download is officially the champion of metal fests. For the growly mask wearers, there's Slipknot, for the breakdown moshers there's A Day to Remember, and for the old-school types there's Kiss, Judas Priest, Slash, Billy Idol and Mötley Crüe. Now that's a lot of hairspray. See also Parkway Drive, Every Time I Die, and King 810. *Tickets from £82.50 / 12-14 June / Donnington, Derby / downloadfestival.co.uk*







Hit Disneyland for dance music

Tomorrowland

● When *FHM*'s deputy art editor Jamie headed to this Belgian festival last year, we're not entirely sure he came back the same person. In fact, we're sure, given he'd changed his name by deed-poll to Rainbows McHouse-Music. We won't suggest you do the same, but do enjoy big hitters like Carl Cox, Armin Van Buuren, Axwell, and David Guetta at this truly mind-warping experience.
Tickets from £185 / 24-26 July / Boom / tomorrowland.com

Wake up in the American dream

Coachella

● Coachella's perhaps the one festival where you might find yourself holding back the hair of an errant celeb falling spectacularly off the wagon, all while enjoying AC/DC, Jack White, Drake, Tame Impala, Interpol, Alesso, Florence and the Machine, David Guetta and The Weeknd.
Tickets from £246 / 10-12 April, 17-19 April / Empire Polo Club, Indio / coachella.com

Rage in the icy tundra

Iceland Airwaves

● *Rolling Stone* calls this northern party outpost 'the hippest long weekend on the annual music festival calendar'. And they're on the money. You can club crawl, checking out bands like Future Islands and Flaming Lips, and DJs like Soul Clap, all until silly o'clock. Then do it again. Four times.
Tickets from £96 / 4-8 November / Various venues, Reykjavík / icelandairwaves.is

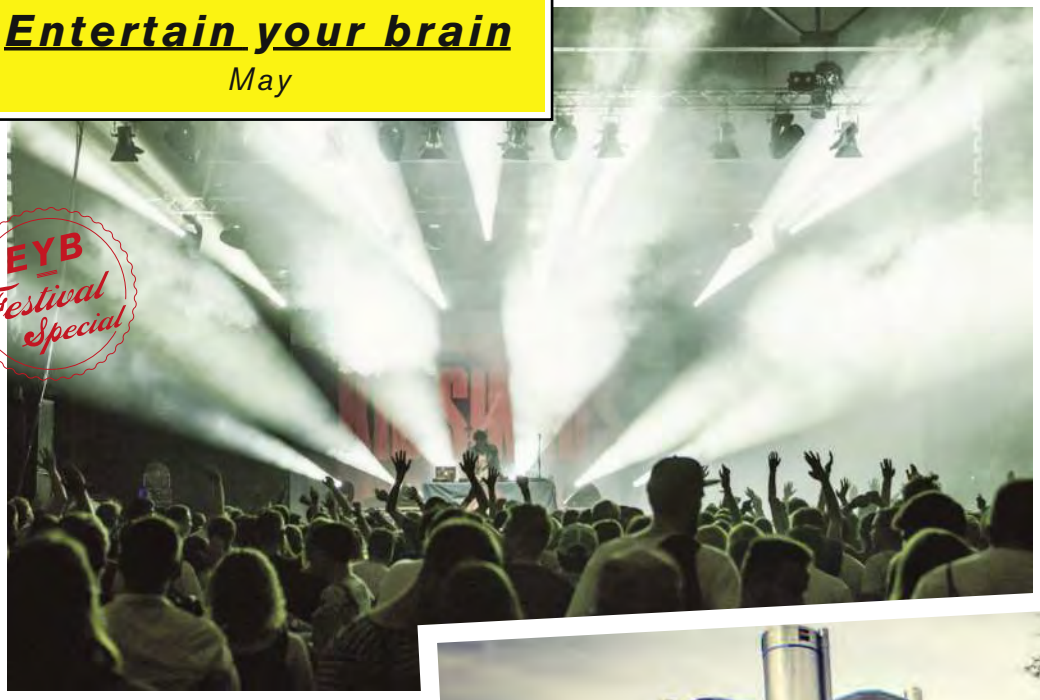


Keep schtum in Holland

Best Kept Secret

● Only in its third year, this blazingly impressive Dutch festival won't remain much of a secret for long. Throw bands like The Libertines, alt-J, Noel Gallagher's High Flying Birds, Future Islands and Royal Blood together with a site that has forests AND a beach AND wild swimming (plus it all goes on until 4am), and you've got a recipe for aceness.
Tickets from £125 / 19-21 June / Hilvarenbeek / bestkeptsecret.nl

ADDITIONAL WORDS: MIKE RAMPTON, BEN ARNOLD, SI CUNNINGHAM. PHOTOGRAPHY: OLIVER WALKER, C. FATUOLO, CHRIS STETTENS, JOSH RHINEHART, JESSICA GILBERT, ROBERT WINTER, JOE GALL, DAVE VANN



Take off in a German airport

Berlin Festival

Alright, they didn't put a great deal of thought into the name. Perhaps the organisers of Berlin Festival were too busy sorting out an amazing party slap bang in the middle of Berlin. Oh, and it takes place in a bleedin' airport. Check in early to fly high with Richie Hawtin, Underworld and Rudimental. Danke.
Tickets from £57 / 29-31 May / Arena Park, Berlin / berlinfestival.de



Pour one out in the motherland

Movement

Without Detroit, we wouldn't have house music or techno. Taking the music that's spread across the globe back to its origins, every DJ worth their salt is turning up, from local legends like Kevin Saunderson and Carl Craig to Maya Jane Coles and Eats Everything.
Tickets from £100 / 23-25 May / Hart Plaza, Detroit / movement.us

02

Crime TV

Follow the clues to your next big US crime series

Order! Order! Order in some pizza as you settle down to enjoy the latest sleuthy shows from the US. But which one will you be 'doing time' with? Use our grid to judge for yourself…

Exhibit	The Following *Sky Atlantic*	CSI Cyber *5*	DIG *USA*	American Crime *ABC*
EVIDENCE IT'S A COP SHOW	Kevin Bacon's tie is never done up properly.	An ice-cold boss who's the best at solving crimes.	Multiple chase scenes through crowded markets.	A gritty, ever-present filter and undertones of racial disharmony.
PERSON OF INTEREST	James Purefoy, as mad bastard Joe Carroll.	The internet, as the baddie in all episodes.	Jason Isaacs, as a hard-balled FBI agent unearthing an ancient conspiracy.	John Ridley, the show's writer, who also penned *12 Years A Slave*.
CRIMES AGAINST CLICHÉS	'She found a place in my heart I didn't even know existed.'	'It's not the perfect crime, it's cyber crime.' – One of many pithy one-liners delivered to hammer home that this is a #internet-themed @cop spinoff.	'You already screwed up one case, I won't let you do another.' A line delivered to FBI man Peter Connelly before he turns a bit 'Carrie Mathison' from Homeland.	'Could your son have been a drug dealer?' Things not quite as they seem with one of the victims…
SUMMING UP	Agent Hardy gives an 'everything's going to be OK' wedding speech. (It really isn't).	CSI would have been a better name, would it not, your honour?	A promise of insider's conspiracy. Ladies and gents of the jury, we're putting the system on trial.	Very current, considering America's current frictions between police and ethnic minorities.



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03

Win big

Bet your life on this guy

With the Grand National happening the month, we've called time on backing a horse based on its name sounding like a hilarious sexual position or because some shady drunk bloke in the pub told us he had an insider tip. Instead, we've enlisted the help of Sam Twiston-Davies, a rising British jockey who'll be right in the middle of the action when the starting gates open to the greatest horse race on the planet…

Sam, it's safe to say that jockeys are damn fearless, but what's the last thing that scared the shit out of you?
It was a ride at Alton Towers, a roller coaster that had me going upside down and all over the place. The only scary part of riding is when you've fallen in a race, you're tucked up in a ball and you know five or six horses behind you are about to come through. Apart from that, the adrenaline takes over.

We need to win big at the Grand National this year. What should we look for in a top horse?
You want something with plenty of size. You want a big, strong horse that'll just keep galloping. If you're looking at the race card, pick a horse that's had good form over extreme trips, and it's always a

PHOTOGRAPHY: GREG FUNNELL

positive if it's previously run around the National fences. You don't want much weight either – ideally at the low end of 11 stone.

So tell us about the horse you'll be racing at the Grand National.

He's called Rocky Creek and he's very grumpy. He's a biter. But when you get on him, he loves it. He loves to jump. He's a bit of a bad boy but a good horse, and one that'll get better and better.

What's the first thing you'll be doing when you get home from the Grand National?

When I get home I'm straight into the replays to assess what we did well and what we could do better next time.

C'mon, can't you ever just chill out with a cold one?

Nah, not really. I'm racing almost every day of the year so it's not worth risking it. You're more likely to see a jockey with a cup of tea and a massive amount of sugar in there than a beer.

As a young guy, is there anything you feel you've missed out on by being on the race track all the time?

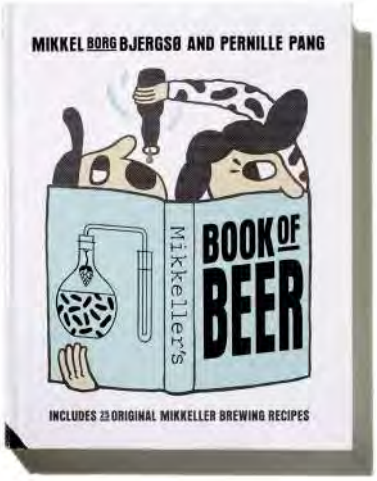
Look, we're super lucky to be doing what we're doing. But yeah, I lost touch with a lot of my friends at school because I was doing something so different to what they were up to. They were on nights out, and every now and again I'd want to see what the student lifestyle was all about. But honestly, I wouldn't change it for the world. I'm happy where I'm at.

You headed out to Vegas last year, right?

Yeah! Three of us went out there, and I had one of the best times of my life. I came back in the red, luckily! If you're going to do just one thing while you're there, make sure it's breakfast at the Bellagio. It's unreal. I've never had breakfast like it: ice cream, eggs, pancakes, bacon. It was breakfast, lunch and dinner all at once. I came back heavy, but made sure I worked it off quickly.

Voting for *FHM*'s 100 Sexiest is open. Who's the hottest woman in horse racing?

Good question. Maybe Emma Spencer or Leonna Mayor. Leonna doesn't ride much any more, so maybe Emma. She gets my vote.







04

Booze book

Get DIY drunk

Even if your job is to test *FIFA* all day or rub lotion into the Miami Dolphins' cheerleaders after showers, after a flick through this book you'll want to pack it all in and start your own craft beer empire. Dutch booze legend Mikkel Borg Bjergsø, the hero behind Copenhagen's insanely cool Mikkeller Brewery, has spilled his hops on exactly what you need to do to become a master craft brewer, and has gone so far as to reveal the secret ingredients that make his very own tasty boozings.

05

Across the pond

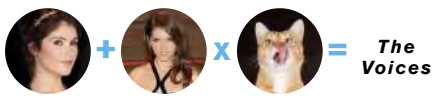
Swoon over these transatlantic wo-mances

Two of our finest homegrown lady-folk have pooled their talents with their American chums to produce one brilliant TV programme and one totally crazy movie. Put these dream teams on your radar…



Kelly Brook + ***Elisha Cuthbert*** x ***lesbianism*** = ***One Big Happy***

Ellen DeGeneres is behind this soapy TV sitcom about a complicated relationship involving a married couple, a lesbian and a baby. Brook gets naked in the first episode and Canadian cutie Elisha Cuthbert is also in this certified girlfriend-pleaser.



Gemma Arterton + ***Anna Kendrick*** x ***Talking cat*** = ***The Voices***

This movie looks utterly bonkers, as it involves Ryan Reynolds playing a serial killer egged on by his talking pets. Sort of like *Doctor Dolittle* meets *Dexter*, with two impossibly sexy lady actors thrown in for good measure.

06

15 minute TV

Acquaint yourself with this maniac



American talk shows are constantly entertaining, but within a pretty safe framework – they're not really an environment designed to challenge the viewer. That all changes with *The Eric André Show*, Adult Swim's surreal, aggressive, uncomfortable, terrifying, incredible deconstruction of the format. The 31-year-old stand-up has come up with one of the strangest TV shows ever, a mixture of uncomfortable anti-humour, deliberately awkward interviews, near-constant violence (every episode features the whole set being destroyed), gunplay, casual nudity, baffled celebs and genuinely fucked-up hidden camera segments.

Comedians sometimes get described as 'fearless' for being really personal – Eric André is fearless in the actual sense that he seems to have no fear. Whether he's smashing a police car windscreen in with a breeze block, having dogs eat peanut butter off his crotch, eating his own vomit while interviewing *The Hills* star Lauren Conrad or sucking strangers' fingers on the New York subway, there's clearly something wrong with the dude. It's like simultaneously watching a breakdown, a performance art piece and an assault, sieved through a talk show format and edited by a madman. Each 15-minute episode of the show (most of which are on YouTube) is stranger than the last, a genius, dangerous, mind-melting masterpiece. Sometimes it's not even funny, just uncomfortable, but you can't take your eyes off it. America, you're welcome to the safe affability of James Corden now he's in the big chair of *The Late Late Show* on your side of the pond – we want this lunatic.

07

Big films

Shout "Hey, I know you!" at the cinema

Three of our favourite Brits from Game Of Thrones *are back in our favourite fantasy bloodbath, but you'll also spot them in three of this month's biggest films too*



ALFIE ALLEN

In *Thrones*
An entitled dickhead, the son of another dickhead, whose dickheadedness lands him imprisoned and ultimately dickless.
In *John Wick*
An entitled dickhead, the son of another dickhead, whose dickheadedness lands him in trouble (but retains his penis).



CHARLES DANCE

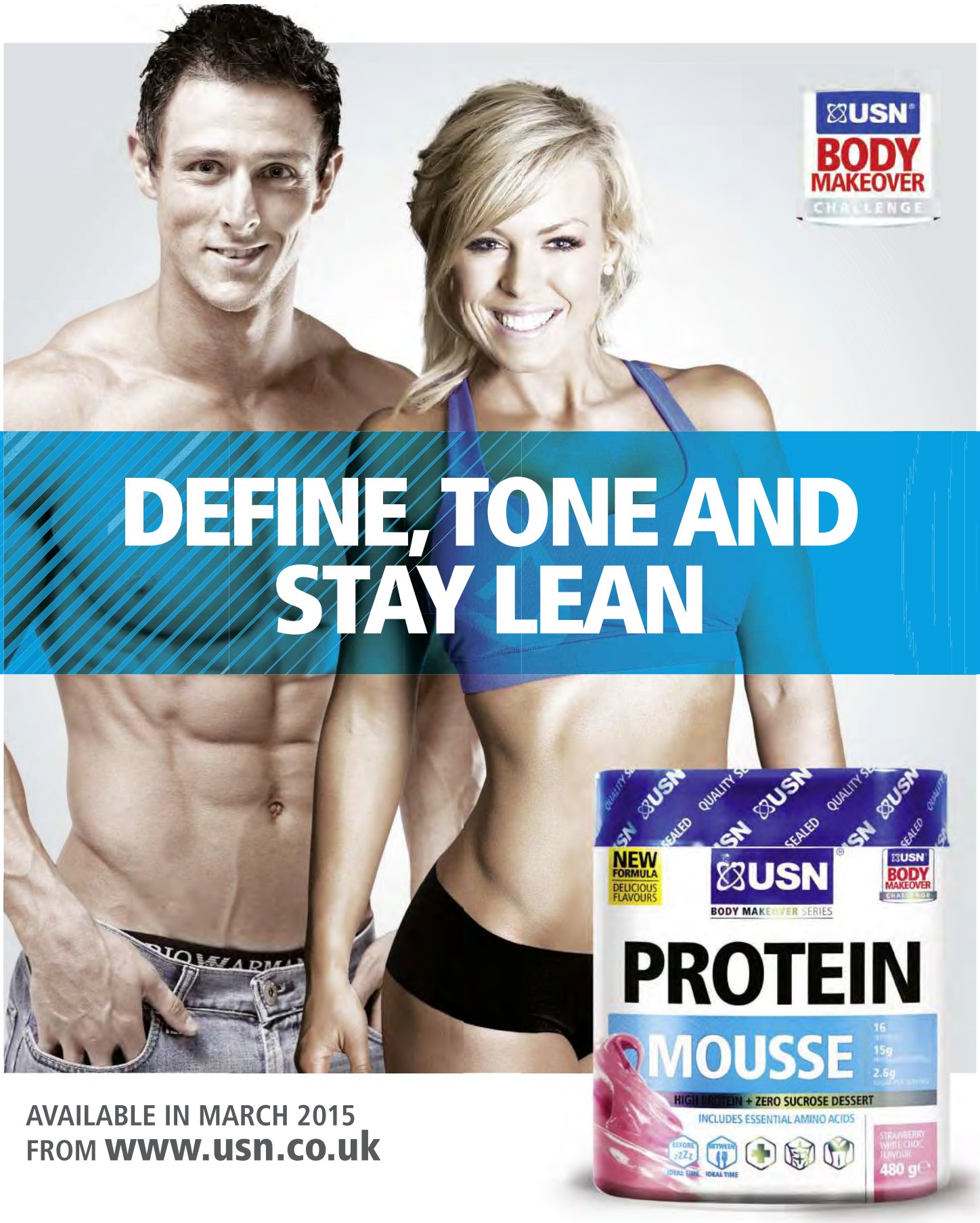
In *Thrones*
A fiercely intelligent leader in King's Landing, respected and feared by others, dealing with tumultuous events and murderous children.
In *Child 44*
A very intelligent major in the Russian secret police, respected and feared by others, dealing with tumultuous events and murdered children.



NATHALIE EMMANUEL

In *Thrones*
The beautiful, eloquent aide to Daenerys Targaryen, and part of an ever-growing ensemble cast that push the boundaries of television.
In *Furious 7*
A beautiful, eloquent sidekick to Dominic Toretto, and part of an ever-growing ensemble cast that push the boundaries of physics and believability.

PHOTOGRAPHY: CHRIS MCPHERSON/AUGUST



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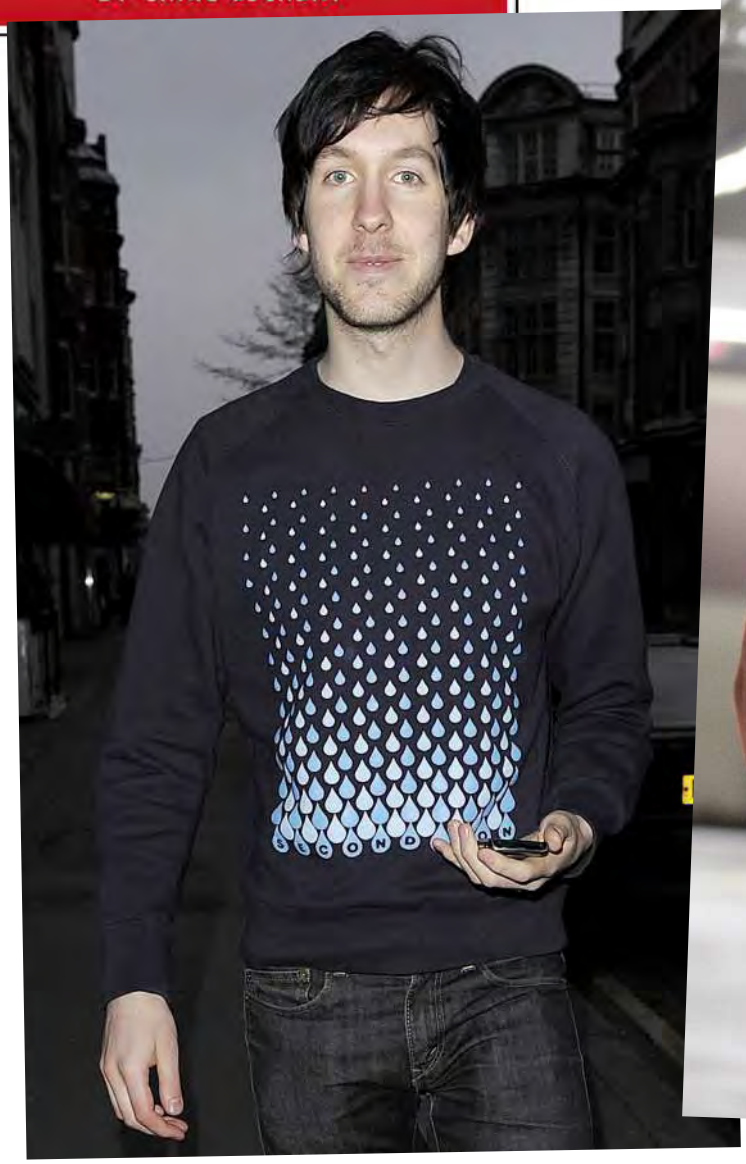
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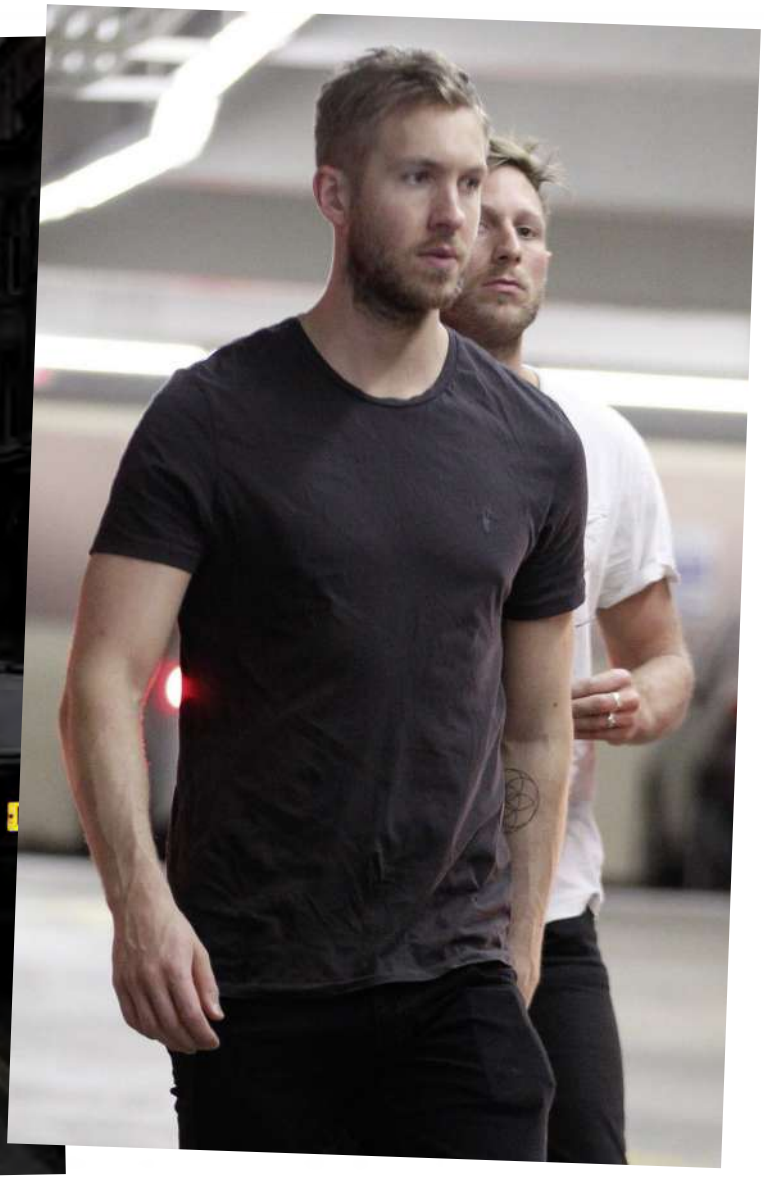
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FROM GEEK TO SLEEK

Why do we need our hit makers to look like Adonis? And is it possible to buy the perfect body?

It was almost certainly a first in the history of celebrity underwear endorsements.

As Calvin Harris stripped to his skivvies for Emporio Armani last month, barely a bit of public attention was directed at his bulge. Instead, the world's collective eye fixed itself about five inches higher – somewhere around those thick bands of muscle that bisect his belly button – as we whispered, "Shit. When did Calvin Harris get so ripped?"

Muscle-bound men in pop are by no means a new phenomenon. We've had them for decades now – be they tough-guy gangsta rappers (50 Cent), smooth R&B sex machines (Usher) or Chippendales who can just about hold a tune (Peter Andre).

But, up until recently, no-one really knew, or cared, what DJ-producer types looked like. They would put their name to a bi-annual compilation of club classics, stick out one or two singles with a bunch of sexy ladies in the video, do the odd Essential Mix for Radio 1. That was it. That was all that was expected of them.

In the last five years though, things have changed. Where Jive Bunny and Fatboy Slim paved the way,

knob twiddlers like Mark Ronson, David Guetta, Skrillex and Avicii have all stepped out from behind the decks to become fully fledged global popstars in their own right.

Calvin Harris has always been the poster boy of the producer-popstar crossovers. He sang his own songs, starred in his own videos – so it does make sense that he would be the first to make the transition from bedroom-dwelling music maker to blonde beefcake cover star. But why has this only just happened?

In part, it's a symptom of the wider cultural rise of the 'spornosexual' (a term coined by prolific term coiner and writer Mark Simpson). 'Sporno' is a combination of 'sport' and 'porno' – pinpointing two of the biggest influences on the modern male ideal: the lean-yet-shredded physiques of athletes and adult entertainers [Fig.1].

From magazines and movies to the music charts, many men in the public eye have been attempting to bulk up in line with those who play professional sports for a living, or those who hump on camera. (Or, in a few specific cases, do both) [Fig.2].

This trend has trickled down to us laymen too. According to figures released by the Leisure Database Company, 2014 saw record numbers of Brits getting their schlubby arses into gear and signing up at gyms and fitness clubs, with memberships exceeding 8 million for the first time ever. Combined with huge surges in downloads of fitness apps for smartphones (Google claims that Health And Fitness was the fastest-growing app category last year) and the new fashion for wearable fitness trackers [Fig.3], it is clear that we, as a people, are trying harder to look harder.

It's no surprise then, that we're seeing more buff bods in the charts. But does it actually help a popstar to be hench?

Taking a look at the Official Charts Company's top-20-selling singles of 2014, we see that Calvin Harris just crept into the final count with *Summer*, which was the 19th-best-selling single of the year.

Above him? Sam Smith – a man who looks (and sounds) like he is perpetually desperate to pop the top button of his shirt. He had the 18th and 17th-best-selling singles of the year.

And above *him*? Ed Sheeran – a high-profile holder of a Nando's Black Card, and someone who can't seem to conduct a single interview without turning the conversation to his love of burgers. He got the 11th and fifth.

The evidence therefore suggests that being stacked is no real shortcut to success. So maybe success is a shortcut to getting stacked?

A study conducted by Nuffield Health in 2012 showed that people who earned less than £20K a year would spend an hour a week in the gym on average, whereas someone earning £101K plus would spend three.

It's fairly safe to say that Calvin Harris's earning potential and his personal training regimen would fit that same curve pretty neatly – even if Nuffield Health doesn't have the exact stats for DJs who earn $46 million a year. Finishing off the 'package' with Tip-Ex-white perfect teeth, a geometrically sound haircut and a never-ending supply of understated yet immaculately tailored garments is just a matter of spending the money on a team of people whose sole purpose in life is to make you look fantastic.

Harris isn't the only one either. Justin Bieber first became a global megastar as a mop-topped little muppet with a body like Morph. Now the money's rolling in, he's got pumped.

One Direction, too. It wasn't until their third album that they really started to beef up (interestingly, the same time frame as Calvin Harris), even though they already had their multi-million fanbase locked down long before.

Still, it would be disingenuous to suggest that a six-pack is not helpful in any way to your modern celebrity. It most definitely is. Because although a washboard stomach won't necessarily guarantee you a gold disc, it will, at the very least, guarantee you some *actual* gold.

To an advertiser, a popstar with pecs you could bounce a pound coin off is dynamite. Agencies can't sign them up fast enough. Calvin Harris landed Armani, Justin Bieber got Calvin Klein, Peter Andre is still raking in that sweet, sweet Iceland dollar. Even Iggy Pop – who looks like a Californian Halloween decoration – flogs car insurance with his leathery old abs out.

In days gone by, this would have been called selling out. Sure, you can dress it up however you like; justify it by talking about how you "feel an affinity to the brand ethos" (Harris), or are "honoured to be part of the legacy" (Bieber). Essentially though, it's shilling. And while lucrative endorsements might not improve their sales, or get them booked at South By South West festival, the paydays are huge and it boosts their profile immeasurably.

So what can we expect next from our multi-talented superstars? What brave new worlds are there for the singer-producer-DJ-model to conquer? Like fellow producer-performer hybrids Dr Dre and will.i.am, a natural extension for Calvin Harris: The Brand would be delving into the world of tech. But if he's truly serious about maximising his brand potential long-term (and we have no cause to doubt it, given the ease at which he started talking corporate gibberish the second Armani opened their wallets), he's going to want to move into philanthropy.

It might not seem a natural step for him – celebrities don't usually start doing the heavy charity work until they're well into their forties. But given that Scotland's much-reported 'obesity time-bomb' is currently costing the country an estimated £4.6 billion, and with two thirds of the population considered to be overweight, there has never been a better time for a Scot who went from pasty little spod to bona fide beefcake to show us all how we can achieve a beach-ready bod. Calvin Harris, your people need you. FHM



Fig.1

A lot of personal trainers say that most of their male clients still ask for a 'Tyler Durden' physique.



Fig.2

This was going to be a picture of a world-famous footballer. But our lawyers have advised against it. So here's a photo of a chimera – a mythical two-headed fire-breathing beast said to have lived in Anatolia (modern-day Turkey).



Fig.3

One of the selling points of Apple's smartwatch, announced in March, is its potential as a health and fitness gadget.

PICTURES: ALAMY, SPLASH

MASTER YOUR BREW

20 ways to turn your tea into a proper cuppa...


01



02


03


04



05




06


07



08 09 10

01 IMPRESS MUM
Keep these posh chocs in the cupboard, ready for a surprise visit from the in-laws.
Prestat green tea chocolate thins, £12, amazon.co.uk

02 REACH PEAK TEA
Brew one of these bags for 3 minutes in 100-degree boiling water for the perfect cup of tea.
Brew Tea Co tea, prices vary, brewteacompany.co.uk

03 DROP IT IN
These look like they fell off a Christmas tree, but brew your loose tea leaves to perfection.
Kinto tea strainer, £9.95, goodhoodstore.com. Tom Dixon tea strainer, £10, selfridges.com

04 POUR IN STYLE
This teapot reeks of Scandinavian coolness.
Ferm living teapot, £50, goodhoodstore.com

05 EAT THIS
Still the king of tea-time treats.
Tunnock's tea cakes, £2

06 RELAX IN STYLE
For just under a tenner, this posh Dutch designer kitchenware is a real steal.
Jansen & Co mug, £9.50, scp.co.uk

07 PUT IT ON ICE
If you like your tea ice cold, then whack in four teaspoons of loose leaf with some cold water and fridge it overnight.
Brew tea pot, £17.50, brewteacompany.co.uk

08 DO WHAT IT SAYS
Shit hot is exactly how we take our tea, thank you.
Shit hot mug, £8, lazyoaf.com

09 GIVE US A SMILE
Turn that frown upside down with this mug from the super cool lifestyle store, Goodhood.
Good bad mood mug, £12, goodhoodstore.com

10 SAY A BAD WORD
'Cocking shitter' is our particular favourite on this swear-filled cup. Brought to you by cartoon piss-takers, Modern Toss.
Periodic table of swearing mug, £9.99, firebox.com

11 BREW LIKE A CHAMP
These award-winning Brit tea



makers have had more gold hung around their necks than a Jamaican running squad. *See novustea.co.uk for a full range of teas*

12 SWEETEN UP

Save yourself half a second and sweeten as you stir. *Canasuc sugar sticks, £12, selfridges.com*

13 GET GNARLY

Ace skate brand Lovenskate loves a good old cuppa. There's no cooler teapot out there than this collaboration with Carhartt. *Visit lovenskateshop.com for a full range of skate and tea gear*

14 NERD OUT

You'll need to concentrate closely on this investigation into how caffeine fries your brain, so have a few brews beforehand. *Caffeinated, Murray Carpenter, £12.99, amazon.co.uk*

15 MOP UP

We never thought we'd ever be writing about an exciting tea towel, but here we are. *Lazy Oaf jerk chicken tea towel, £9.50, lazyoaf.com*

16 TASTE THE ADVENTURE

This titanium cup with a folding handle may be pricy, but it's as hardy as Bear Grylls' balls. *Snow peak titanium cup 450, £30, goodhoodstore.com*

17 KEEP IT CLASSIC

Want to boss the kitchen? Then get some fancy Le Creuset gear. *Le Creuset stoneware tea for two, £28, amazon.co.uk*

18 SOLVE A CRIME

Recreate that pivotal scene in 1995's *The Usual Suspects* by dropping this replica mug. *Kobayashi mug, £9.99, firebox.com*

19 HIT THE SWITCH

Go all futuristic with this space age-looking kettle. *De'Longhi KBJ3001.W kettle, £61.99, amazon.co.uk*

20 TAKE YOUR MEDICINE

These brews were made by a doctor after years of studying pharmacognosy (medicine from natural sources). *Dr Jackson's Teas, £15 (loose); £21 (bagged), drjackson.co.uk*

PHOTOGRAPHY: ROWAN FEE

Tell FHM

ONE THING THAT

Mad Men may be over but dicking around at work certainly isn't. We



Zelie, 21, waitress, Oxford

"I threw a drink at my colleague's face. It was a staff party and he kept asking me to dance. He was being a dick."



Josh, 18, barman, Somerset

"I farted and blamed it on a customer. I said, 'Cor, was that you?'. She walked out. It was pretty pungent."



Laura, 23, journalist, London

"I was emailing my boss and wrote the word 'discount', but auto-correct changed it to 'Disco Cunt'. Not good."



Vanessa, 29, receptionist, Portugal

"I was drinking while on a shift at a hotel. We got drunk on booze from the minibar, so it was pricey."



Tania, 20, seamstress, Australia

"I bought a laptop into work, hid it under the counter and just watched a movie for two hours."



Sophie, 21, barista, Middlesborough

"I came in drunk and served everyone cold tea. It didn't go down well. I got lots of complaints, so I hid in the back."



Shauna, 21, student, Liverpool

"I was hungover at work as a hotel receptionist when some Italians came in. The language barrier was hard."



Mark, 40, writer/director, Los Angeles

"My boss caught me wanking in a photography dark room. I was 17. We both pretended it hadn't happened."



Amy, 21, dispenser, Middlesborough

"I've puked while hungover at work before – on myself. I just carried on and hoped that no one would notice."



Owain, 19, rugby coach, London

"I was teaching a kid to tackle and accidentally fell on him. I weigh 17st, so he was crushed. He cried a lot…"



Jordan, 20, receptionist, Australia

"I call in sick whenever a friend visits me from Australia. Today is the third time I've done it this year."

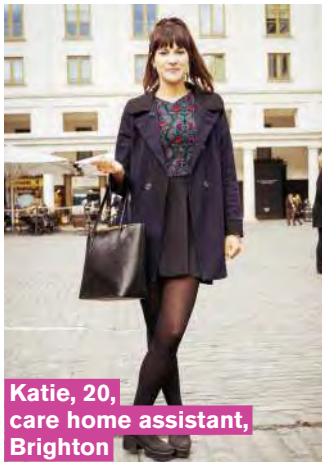


Cora, 18, student, Oxford

"I ate some food off a customer's plate before I served it. I'm not ashamed. I was hungry, everyone was doing it."

WON'T GO ON YOUR CV

took to the streets of London to learn about your workplace mishaps...



Katie, 20, care home assistant, Brighton

"I spread rumours that all of the old people I work with sleep with each other."



Elisa, 19, unemployed, France

"I lost a kid while working at a leisure centre. I looked away for a second and couldn't find him."



Nuria, 19, student, Northampton

"I turned up drunk to teach a kids' dance class. I swore and taught them routines that weren't age appropriate."



Ella, 18, lifeguard, Newcastle

"When kids pooped in the pool, we were meant to dive in and get it. I used to run away whenever it happened."



Randi, 18, cashier, USA

"Once I came into work really stoned. Nobody noticed, and the time went quickly. Not a bad day."



Kelly, 29, bartender, Wales

"Once I swapped a lady's diet coke for full-fat because she was being rude."



Marty, 28, chef, London

"I cracked an egg into someone's tea, just for a laugh. It stays at the bottom until the final sip. It was hilarious."



Sally, 20, nurse, Oxfordshire

"I shot some little kids with a Nerf gun. They were in my way, and annoying me. I only went for body shots, though."



Anthi, 22, student, Cyprus

"I spilled a plate of food on someone's beautiful Burberry coat. I just put my hands up and said, 'I'm fired, right?'"



Cloe, 18, receptionist, London

"I tried to cancel 120 memberships, but I accidentally took £600 yearly fees out of everyone's accounts."



Alfred, 21, tailor, Chelmsford

"I was a plasterer, and I dropped a bucket of plaster all over someone's front room. Just before Christmas, too."



Gemma, 24, make-up artist, Somerset

"When I was a barista, I dealt with rude people by filling their drinks with full-fat milk. Rebellious, I know."

WORDS: NICK POPE. PHOTOGRAPHY: SAM CLIFFORD-HARDING

RICH KICKS

Look down: your feet could be inside sacks of cash right now…

There's precisely 65 billion reasons why you shouldn't buy that delicious pair of trainers you've been lusting after all month. "I owe my best mate £50", "I've got bills to pay" and "I need to eat", for example. But we've got a reason for why you *should*, which totally trumps them all.

Back in February, Mick, a 30-year-old trainer collector in China, sold his 283 pairs for a tasty 1 million yuan. How much is that in British pounds? Put it this way: he used the dosh to bag himself an apartment. A real life, roof-and-four-walls apartment in stinking rich Beijing. Yes, there's a tidy profit to be had if you know your Nike Air Max from your Adidas Stan Smiths.

So that got us thinking. Instead of signing our life away with a lifelong mortgage and selling our soul to the bank manager, we asked trainer connoisseur Morgan Weekes for four pairs of trainers that'd help us invest in a six-figure collection…



THE FUTURE COLLECTABLES
"I'd say it's any of the recent Adidas EQT collaborations, especially the 'Pusha T' version, which features a cracked Italian leather and fish scale pattern on the back panel."
£200-£500

THE ESSENTIAL CLASSICS
"A pair of Adidas ZX FLUX is a strong entry to any beginner's collection. They have a good price point, a high level of comfort and a range of styles in varying degrees of rarity."
£60-£180

THE HOLY GRAILS
"The Ronnie Feig X Asics Salmon Toe is up there at the top for me. It was released in highly limited numbers and features high-grade nubuck, leather and pigskin."
£800-£1,300

THE OLD-SCHOOL HEROES
"The Nike Air Flow came in some banging colours when they appeared in the '80s," says trainer connoisseur Morgan Weekes. "The neoprene toe still turns heads today. Trying to get hold of these 2011 versions drove me crazy."
£200-£350

REPEAT AFTER US TO BLUFF YOUR WAY TO SNEAKERHEAD SUPREMACY

GRAIL
A trainer with a beautiful colourway and material build that has limited availability, making them hard to get.

OGs
The original release of a sneaker, not a reissue. Often on a collector's 'grail' list, they are some of the hardest trainers to track down.

COP/COPPED/COPPING
Another word for 'buying'. You might say, "I'm copping those Jordans next week."

DEADSTOCK/DS
Originally referred to as a shoe unavailable to buy, but now used as a rating for a shoe that hasn't been worn or removed from the box.

RESELLER
Someone that camps out and buys all the stock of a release to sell on at profit. This is frowned upon in the trainer community.

PHOTOGRAPHY: ROWAN FEE


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Bench.
bench.co.uk



MEET "MAD KEITH, THE ASYLUM ESCAPEE", FRESH OFF THE STAGE AT SONOSPHERE FESTIVAL

FHM HERO

"TREAD CAREFULLY OR I WILL CUT YOU TO SHREDS"

Not our words, Keith Flint's – The Prodigy frontman who, as we found out, won't stand for being called a firestarter*

*(or you owe him a quid)



FHM HERO

There's a no-smoking sign on the wall of the London studio where we meet Keith Flint. Still, The Prodigy's pierced and punk-plumed wildman is rolling a fag. He crams a wad of Golden Virginia into a crumpled Rizla, licks it, lights it and takes a long, merciful drag.

"I fucking hate this nanny state we live in right now," he exhales, filling the room with smoke. "It's like being back at school. I cannot be told what to do. As soon as I'm told not to, I will. It's the death of life, the nanny state. And it kills everything. It will turn us all into zombies."

We are talking about the controlling influences of the music industry. It was only while making of The Prodigy's new album, *The Day Is My Enemy*, that he says he had a staffing cull to kill the 'maggots' feeding off the band.

"When you've got people telling you to do this and that, you can feel like meat," he blasts. "So I now only directly deal with [bandmates] Liam or Maxim. I've never had a personal manager; I've always looked after myself. That's why I dress myself, that's why I speak for myself, and that's why I remain myself. I'm quite willing to fuck things up for myself but I'm not going to have some cunt do it for me. Not for something that's so precious. Would you let someone come into your family and tell you how it should be run? I never have, and right now, I'm using that history to be even more of a cunt."

"I HAVE GROWN UP KNOWING NOBODY IS GOING TO LOOK AFTER ME, SO IF I DON'T, WHO IS?"

A conversation with Keith is not unlike one of his gigs. It is unpredictable, visceral, and raw. It can be angry at times, scary at others, but entrancing throughout. But he is not the four-letter lady-part he just singled out. Not today, anyway. In fact, he is rather charming and funny. Eloquent, too. And he laughs a lot.

"I am kind of a court jester meets asylum escapee," he says. "I sometimes describe myself as like a hallway in a house: you think you're inside, but there's another door to the real me. I'll sit and wait like a predator and then I will cut you down. I will fucking cut you down to the ground."

He seems to be looking us dead in the eye, though all we can see is our own reflection staring sheepishly back at us through his big, purple sunglasses.

Keith Flint has come to this interview dressed as Keith Flint. Apart from the shades, he's wearing a pork-pie hat and a blue-and-white striped prison uniform shirt. A bolt bores through his upper ear and tattoos cover his arms and chest. He bursts with energy and ideas, pogoing between topics as they come into his head, and he swears like a trucker in a jackknife. He'll often call someone, or himself, a cunt, apologise, then use the word again. Can one man really exude this much passion all the time? What happens when the music stops and the lights go up? Who is Keith Flint, really?

Born on 17 September 1969, Keith was raised in Braintree, Essex. He admits his wasn't a particularly happy childhood and his parents split when he was young. "I hated being at home so much that I'd go in for dinner – which was statutory – and if it wasn't ready for three minutes, I'd go out again and come back three minutes later."

At the age of 15, Keith was thrown out of school. "I was quite disruptive and out there," he remembers. "Then I found myself in a load of remedial classes being told how to use a ruler. But when they tested my IQ, they found out I was quite intelligent. Trouble is, I'm definitely on the spectrum somewhere – there's a dysfunctional side. That probably sounds like I'm trying to back up mad Keith – but if you want me to be honest with you, that's as honest as it gets."

Keith undertook various jobs as a butcher, a roofer and an investigative driller. But a thirst for adventure had infected his soul. So, in the summer of 1988, he left Essex to roam the Middle East and Africa.

"When I got back, someone was telling me about the acid-house rave scene and I thought, 'Fucking hell, you're talking about something with as much passion as I would be talking about hitchhiking to Israel.' I wanted a piece of that."

The spring of 1989 led him to an outdoor rave in Essex where little-known dance DJ Liam Howlett was playing. "I loved his music and boom, I was in," says Keith. "I was never the brains behind the band – that was always Liam. But together we were a complete package. It was the outlet I was looking for."





WITH AONO BARBER, PAUL HEWITT, AT SONOSPHERE

Music became Keith's medicine. "As a kid, I was always fighting to be who I was," he says. "Then suddenly, I no longer had to fight. I just was."

The early '90s saw The Prodigy burst from the chest of the underground rave scene like strobe-lit aliens on ecstasy. Melding breakbeat, jungle and hardcore into a bludgeoning wall of sound, their second album, *Music For The Jilted Generation*, spawned a jagged new genre of pop. Then, in 1997, *Fat Of The Land* reached No 1 in the UK and US and they've topped the British album charts with every record since. They've got two Brits, three MTV VMAs, two Kerrang! Awards and five MTV Europe Music Awards. They've been nominated for two Grammys and today, they've sold more than 25 million records worldwide. Not that Keith cares.

"We never gave a fuck about making money or what people thought," Keith says. "All we ever wanted was to play our music."

Bandmates and flunkies have come and gone, but controversy has been a lifelong friend to The Prodigy. Over the years, they have been accused of everything from inciting arson (*Firestarter*) to condoning domestic violence (*Smack My Bitch Up*), leaving middle-England's papers and parents dry-heaving on the taste of their own outrage.

"I went out with a girl who was a bit lah-di-dah," Keith recalls. "She was cool and grounded but her mum one day opened the *Guardian* and there was a picture of me with green hair, draped over a monitor, dribbling – the full fucking Monty Flinty. The headline was: 'What would you do if your daughter brought this home?' Her parents fucking hated me with a passion."

But as their currency in music grew, so too did their pay cheques – and their appetite for drug-addled abandon, though Keith says he rarely got high on stage.

"I did half a pill at Labyrinth (legendary East London venue) at our first proper gig and I thought my head was going to drop off. I realised I didn't need a false rush when on stage – it was already there."

Then, in the early 2000s, Liam's creative flow – that had buoyed the band for so long – ran dry for the first time in 20 years with a bout of writer's block. No new material meant no gigs with which to sponge up Keith's rampant energy.

"Yeah, it was a dark period," he says. "I was drinking and taking too many drugs. The problem is, you've got shitloads of cash and shitloads of time and all you're doing is looking for a buzz. I did fuck all really, apart from being a jerk." »



"I AM KIND OF A COURT JESTER MEETS ASYLUM ESCAPEE"

By the time Liam finally found his mojo, Keith had unravelled. "I got to the point where I had to stop. I didn't want to be a jabbering wreck." But coastal walks and solitary Saturday nights in never much suited Keith. "I was heading for complete vanilla-ism," he says. "Being sober, my obsession became being fit and focused, but I like to leave the planet now and again. I decided to have the odd joint or a few beers to keep a bit of psychedelia in my life."

And here we are now, sitting with Keith in this London studio, five albums and 26 years since he and Liam first met in that muddy Essex field – two lost boys drawn together by a shared love of hardcore and a burning problem with authority.

"I think Liam is the only person I've ever loved," says Keith, with genuine affection. "He and Maxim have actually taken time to get to know who I am. It's probably to do with not having a good family background. The band became my family."

We feel for a moment as if we're breaking through. But when we joke that we've made it inside the hallway of Keith's mind and can see he's left another door ajar, he flashes a faux glare. "Tread carefully or I will cut you to shreds," he bites, turning out that football-hooligan snarl he employs on *Firestarter*. He's still smiling… but you never quite seem to know with Keith. We try a different tack. Something safe. Keith's other great obsession is motorcycle racing. He owns a race team and, at weekends, can often be found with wife Mayumi at a motorbike grand prix somewhere in Europe.

"It's about challenging your bravery and your balls," he says. It is a metaphor for life: If you don't go into a bend without that sharp intake of breath then you ain't going fast enough. The sooner you become aware that you're mortal, the sooner you start living."

Keith lives in his rural Essex mansion with Mayumi – a Japanese DJ who plays by the name Super Megabitch – and their nine dogs. He also owns a pub called the Leather Bottle in Pleshey, near his home. "We've got an open fire, and I've got about 60 quid in a pint pot on the mantelpiece because every time I light it, the *Firestarter* jokes come out, and boom, I'm like, that's very funny, you owe me a pound. The money goes in and then off to charity."

As Keith approaches his 46th birthday, it's clear he's lost none of his edge. But does he ever feel trapped by his hell-raising reputation? Does he tire of being the Firestarter? "When I go away, I'm always the Firestarter," he reflects. "I carry that everywhere I go. Nobody sees a musician… Oh, sorry, bigging myself up there. They just see me. [But] I am determined not to let The Prodigy overrun every aspect of my life so I can still live it."

We are nearing the end of our time together. While we've seen fleeting glimpses inside Keith's mind, we've only peeked into some of those back rooms that lurk behind the hallway. Some of them, we're not sure we even want to enter.

Suddenly, he tells us a story. "My dad," he says. "He was a cunt. I had this mohawk as a kid and I remember he once dragged me up the hairdressers. But because there was only a strip of hair to cut, I ended up with a little quiff at the front and I looked like Tintin. The humiliation of going back to school with that was mental cruelty.

"[Years later] I saw Liam and the way that he put in with his father and I thought that maybe I hadn't made enough effort. I thought perhaps the downside of my childhood was a product of who I was." So, in a bid to 'see what a family looked like', Keith reached out to his father one last

WORDS: MATT BLAKE. PICTURES: © MIKE VAN CLEVEN AND INSTAGRAM.COM/KEITHFLINTOFFICIAL



time. "I opened that door and he let me down again," says Keith. "So I rung him and said, 'You will never see me again. You will never speak to me again. And if I see you, I will beat you.' From that moment on, I was a man and I was free."

It would be easy to attribute his rage to a troubled childhood. And perhaps he *has* spent his life yelling back at some echo from his past. But now, free seems the word that best describes Keith Flint. He seems, more than most, to take life by the testicles and genuinely doesn't care what people think of him.

"I'm not saving up for anything," he says. "I'm cashing it all now. I've always had this thing inside me that, when I'm done, I'll kill myself. I swear to God that's not suicidal – it's definitely a positive thing. The moment I start shitting the bed is when you'll see me on the front of a bus."

Then he smiles, rather sweetly, and adds, "I think I'm very generous of spirit with the people I love, but I can also be a very selfish person too. I've grown up knowing nobody is going to look after me, so if I don't, who is? I'm not frightened of who I am; I just want to look back and know that I've lived what I consider a fulfilled life. That's all. Happy days." FHM

Catch The Prodigy on their European tour between 10 April and 16 May, or at Isle of Wight Festival and T in the Park. Visit theprodigy.co.uk

FHM HERO

KEITH'S LIFE ON INSTAGRAM

The story behind his uncaptioned – and often weird – pictures on @keithflintofficial



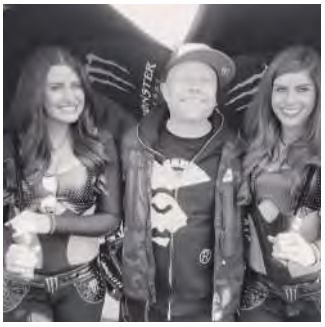
"When I took over the pub, I found this piece of rotting meat behind the fridge and it sums up how I felt by the time we finished the new album: rotten inside. There were too many maggots trying to get their piece of The Prodigy."



"That's Cyrus and Bonnie. You can trust a dog more than you can trust a person because you know what they're about. When they fuck up, you don't have to cuss and lift rolled-up newspapers. Respect them in a disappointed way – 'Ah, fuck's sake, you've just eaten my phone,' and they're like, 'Yeah fucking hell, sorry about that'."



"Aside from music, my other great obsession is motorcycle racing. I own a race team, and this is James Rispoli, one of the riders in Team Traction Control. Racing's like life: if you don't go into a bend without that sharp intake of breath like you're going over a roller coaster, you ain't going fast enough."



"The Monster girls are the bollocks. They're down, intelligent, good fun and good partiers. No, my wife doesn't mind – I don't have to be around girls with a view to shag them. I enjoy their company and they enjoy mine."



"That's me and Liam. We are true brothers. We argue like brothers but he is about the only person in my life who has taken time to understand who I am and accept who I am. He doesn't always like it, but that love will never die."

STAND-UPS AT BREAKFAST

Christian O'Connell
LISTEN WEEKDAYS

Frank Skinner
LISTEN SATURDAYS





Absolute Radio



WATCH THE LONDON VS CORNWALL TASTE TEST AT FHM.COM

CHILL OUT WITH A CORNISH BREWSKI

Something big and tasty is brewing down south…

"It's 5 o'clock somewhere," is a mantra that's always helped the nation leave work a little earlier on a Friday to head to their local watering hole for a much-needed pint. It's an excuse that doesn't always fly with your boss but when it does, your minor victory against 'the man' makes that nectar taste all the sweeter.

Cornwall, the southern-most county in England, is a land where that chilled-out attitude is 24/7. If the surf's up, you're late for work. If the farmer's cows are in the road, you're working from home. If a Cornishman tells you he'll "be with you dreckly, me 'ansum", he means he'll be with you when he's damn well ready, you good-looking gent.

This mellow attitude is the reason why so many amazing craft beers are coming out of the south west. No rushing, no stressing: it's the formula for a bloody great pint. Don't believe us? Get your lips around one of these five bottles…

[01]
Black Flag Brewery
As raw as the '70s punk band with the same name, this is an unpasteurized, mouth-watering taste bomb that packs a punch.
blackflagbrewery.com

[02]
Padstow Brewing Co
We visited this family-run brewery and left with three boxes of beer. Their 6.8% Sundowners pale ale is a beer we could happily live off.
padstowbrewing.co.uk

[03]
Firebrand Brewing Co
Just a year old, Firebrand has already nudged its way into the best drinking holes in London with its near-perfect US-inspired Graffiti IPA.
firebrandbrewing.co.uk

[04]
Rebel Brewing Co
This brewery can boast a CAMRA Champion Beer of Cornwall award-winner in its offerings. Quaff this IPA with a slab of Cornish cheese.
rebelbrewing.co.uk

[05]
Harbour Brewing
We gave a silver award to this one (made by two surfing pals) in our Craft Beer Awards, reinforcing it as one of our all-time best finds.
harbourbrewing.com

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR. SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE DRAFT HOUSE, LONDON



SUPER SLOPPY

CHILLI CHEESE DAWGS

Get these meaty game-changers down your pipe tonight

DJ BBQ SAYS...
"Real men cook chilli. I feel kind of dumb even having to say it, but creating a big, bubbling pot of meaty radness to feed a ravenous crowd is a skill that sorts the kids from the bros, the pretenders from the pros, and the girl pants from the big dogs. When I worked at a 24-hour diner up a mountain in Colorado, we had five different types of chilli going on at any time – red veggie, red meat, green pork, green veggie and black bean. That set me up to perfect my own recipe, which I'm passing on to you. Every chef has his secret ingredients, and mine is a fat slug of all-American bourbon. Oh, and a massive sausage to throw it on. Chilli dogs rule supreme, and it isn't going to get any radder than this."



THE RECIPE

Preparation time
20 mins

Ingredients
Good quality Frankfurter/ kielbasa sausages
White hot dog buns
Cheddar cheese
1kg/2.3lbs beef mince
2 onions, chopped
Olive oil
4 garlic cloves, chopped
2 red chilies, sliced
Coriander stalks, chopped
2 tsp of chilli powder
1 tbs cumin
1 tsp smoked paprika
2 cinnamon sticks
A shot of bourbon
2 cans of chopped tomatoes
1 tbs of tomato puree
100g dark chocolate
2 cans of kidney beans
Freshly ground black pepper
Sea salt

01

Get a big pan on a medium heat. Fry the onions in olive oil until soft. Add the garlic, coriander and chillies, and then the spices. "Cook for two minutes, then add the mince on a high heat to caramelise it," says DJ BBQ.





02

Add a shot of bourbon. "Take one for yourself too," advises DJ BBQ. Add your chopped tomatoes and puree, and dark chocolate, then stir in. Fill your empty tomato cans with water and add to the mix. Whack in some salt and pepper, stir, cover and leave to get tasty. Stir every 20 minutes for at least an hour.



SHOW US YOUR MANFOOD! #FHMManFood



Have you ever seen such badass hot dogs?

03

Twenty minutes before you're done, add your kidney beans. Five minutes before chow time, grate your cheese and add your sausages to a medium pan to cook. "I always use Cobble Lane Cured sausages – they rock my world," says the DJ, of the London-based charcuterie. Place your dog in a white bun, dollop on your chilli, sprinkle on cheese and create one massive delicious mess.

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES BYRNE. FOOD STYLING: MARTA WOWNICK

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THE BLUEBEARDS REVENGE
THE ULTIMATE SHAVING EXPERIENCE FOR REAL



This month's challenger...

LEE RYAN

Has the Blue singer got the balls to pass the manliest test on planet Earth?

01 Have you ever stared someone out?
Not in an aggressive way, but my mates tell me that if I see a pretty girl, I'll just stare at them. It probably gets pretty freakish, and I've had girls tell me to stop.
Not bloke ✗

02 Have you fired a gun?
A potato gun. I fired it at one of my friends. It was sweet potato, so at least I chose the tasty option.
Not bloke ✗

03 What's your favourite smell in the world?
I like the smell of a burning campfire. I've just got back from Peru where I spent a lot of the time surrounded by tarantulas, singing *Kumbaya, My Lord* with my guitar next to the flames. I loved it.
Bloke ✓

04 Have you ever gone on a date using a voucher?
Yeah. I took a girl to this place that I endorse. I made out that I paid this big bill, but I got the whole thing for free.
Bloke ✓

05 Have you ever shaved part of your body other than your face?
Yes. I'm not a hairy man, but someone once told me to shave my chest hair to look better while lifting weights. I razored my nipples by accident. I only noticed they were bleeding when I put on a white t-shirt and saw two angry eyes on my top.
Bloke ✓

06 Have you ever thrown a punch and missed?
At a club, my mates told me to try out a punch machine. I was drunk, threw a punch, missed and fell straight on my arse. The man-o-meter must have read 'minus 100'.
Not bloke ✗

07 What toppings do you have on your pizza?
Anything really spicy and hot. Basically, anything that I'll regret later.
Bloke ✓

08 Have you ever wet your adult pants?
My bastard mates dipped my hands in a bucket of warm water as I slept. I woke up on the floor, surrounded by piss.
Not bloke ✗

09 How many seconds can you drop food on the floor before it's inedible?
If I dropped a bit of lobster tail on the floor, I wouldn't give a shit how long. But I wouldn't go down the street picking up people's half-eaten chicken wings.
Bloke ✓

10 Have you twerked?
No, and I hope I never fucking do. My mates would stop talking to me.
Bloke ✓

11 What's the last film that scared you?
I write horror films, so I scare the shit out of myself. I was researching my latest script recently, so I was reading a satanic website. It said, 'If you do not want to summon devils, do not read this'. For the next few nights, I was convinced there was a spirit in my house.
Bloke ✓

12 Have you ever killed and eaten something (not including fish)?
Not including fish? Then no. I was at a party in LA, and the guy who owned the house started being horrible to me, telling me to leave. I went to the kitchen and saw he had a goldfish. I grabbed it out of its bowl, swallowed it, and said to his mates, 'If he asks where I've gone, tell him I've eaten his fucking goldfish'.
Bloke ✗

13 Have you ever followed through on a fart?
I was in Thailand, sitting in the back of a baking hot car with a dodgy belly. I shat myself completely. It was all running down my legs, and I had to go back to my hotel.
Bloke ✓

14 Have you ever put your penis through your legs to be a girl?
I do that all of the time. Well, not all of the time. I don't just walk around the house doing it, like in *The Silence of the Lambs.*
Bloke ✓

15 What body parts have you had pierced?
My ear – but right in the middle bit. It's one of the most painful parts you can get pierced. The bloke said that getting your penis done is a lot less painful.
Bloke ✓

10/15

Shitty pants, pissy sleeps, swallowing goldfish... What a bloody incredibly strange life you lead, Lee.

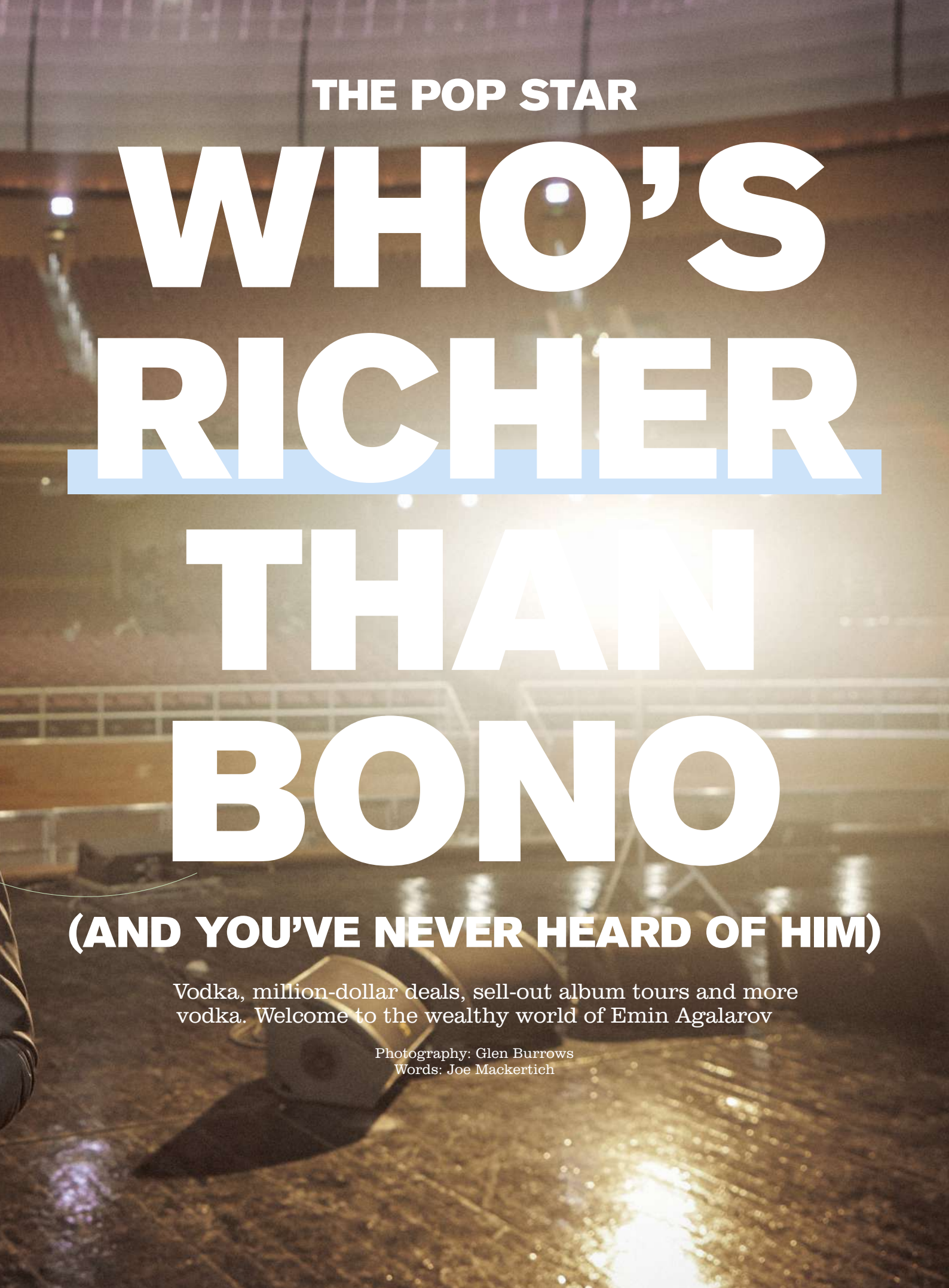
Blue's new album, Colours, *is out 9 March*

TAME THE MAN MANE...
These days, unruly, frizzy and lacklustre locks shout the opposite of 'bloke'. Man up and get styled with The Bluebeards Revenge Pomade: just a pea-sized amount will keep you looking stylish at all times.
BLUEBEARDS-REVENGE.CO.UK

WORDS: NICK POPE. PHOTOGRAPHY: REX



EMIN AGALAROV, HEIR TO A $2, 000, 000, 000 FORTUNE AT CROCUS CITY HALL CONCERT VENUE. WHICH HE BUILT. AND SELLS OUT



THE POP STAR

WHO'S RICHER THAN BONO

(AND YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF HIM)

Vodka, million-dollar deals, sell-out album tours and more vodka. Welcome to the wealthy world of Emin Agalarov

Photography: Glen Burrows
Words: Joe Mackertich

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY EMIN!" BARKS BILLIONAIRE DONALD TRUMP.

"I can't believe you're turning 35. Boy, can you entertain people!" Robert De Niro is next to pipe up. "Happy birthday Emin," says the Academy Award-winning actor. Then he sings the entire *Happy Birthday* song.

The man they're addressing is leaning across the desk in his Moscow head office, showing us videos on his smartphone. Emin Agalarov turned 35 a few months ago and had an enormous party. A few invitees, including De Niro and Trump, were unable to attend so they sent personal messages instead.

"Robert De Niro doesn't need to sing *Happy Birthday* to anybody," he says. "You can't buy that. It's about friendship and respect. These are things you can show off, be proud of. Not boats, cars and planes."

Chances are, if you're reading this in Britain, you've not heard of Emin Agalarov. Say "Emin" to anyone in Russia or large chunks of Central Asia however, and they'll immediately think of three people: a platinum-selling, heart-throb pop star who sells out arenas; an ambitious property tycoon who's built, among other things, the country's two largest luxury malls; and a politically-connected socialite, son of one of Russia's richest men, husband to Leyla Aliyev, daughter of the President of Azerbaijan.

All three of those Emins are, in fact, the same Emin. And he's invited us to the Russian capital to spend a few days in his company. Which begs the question: what could the man who has everything possibly want from *us*?

Rewind 15 hours and we're a few blocks from Red Square, stood outside a door leading to a dimly-lit hallway and a single elevator. Winter nights in Moscow are nose-numbingly cold: the streets surrounding Red Square become patchworks of concrete, ice and snow. The doorman's black suit jacket and polo neck look is astonishingly meagre considering the climate, but his pale, shaven head and serpentine facial scar suggest he's tough enough to cope with the chill.

We tell him we're here for Emin and are ushered towards the lift. A television in the hallway is showing an advert for an all-terrain vehicle, one which – just by chance – stars the man we're here to see. There he is, tucked into the driving seat, smiling, navigating some kind of assault course. And then, 30 seconds later, there he is again, in real life, flanked by a suited and booted crew of friends and business associates at the head of a glass dining table, eating, cracking jokes and throwing back shots like a cross between Henry VIII and Justin Timberlake in *Social Network*.

"Guys!" he yells. "Welcome to Moscow!" We say our hellos but it's difficult to keep track of who's who, due in part to the constant stream of vodka being thrown down our necks and also our host's habit of introducing everyone to us as either 'the sexiest man in Russia' or 'Russia's most famous sex machine'. Emin is a big, cheerful, busy guy. One minute he's telling anecdotes about his pals involving kidney stones, anal sex and a hotel room in Boston (they laugh it up, but you would too if your best mate was capable of buying and selling your ass); the next, he's taking the manager of the restaurant aside to tell her how he wants the tables set up. He's allowed to do this because he *literally* owns the place.

From the outside Emin apparently lives up to the stereotype of a rich kid who has silver spoons plugging up his every orifice. The world is a very different place when you're in his company. People are constantly sprinting ahead of you to open doors. Beautiful women make eyes at you as if to say, "I am willing to flirt like this if it means, in time, I might get access to *him*." Plates of exquisite food are plonked down in front of you and then immediately replaced by new plates with new cutlery and new food the moment you finish. At one point Emin remarks, "I never used to like sports cars. And then my dad bought me a Ferrari."

Once we've all eaten and drunk our way through a few thousand dollars worth of food and vodka, his friend and assistant, Roman, stands up and honours him with what might be the most emotionally-charged toast we have ever seen. "Everything I have," he says voice trembling with sincerity, "Every memory… I have because of you."

It wasn't always like this. Born into a relatively poor family in Azerbaijan, Emin moved with his parents and sister to a tiny one-room apartment in Moscow in the 1980s. A few years later, the Soviet Union – the communist super-state which regulated how its citizens lived, earned and spent – collapsed. Men who had ambition and entrepreneurial spirit were free to pursue the path of profit, no longer impeded by a rigid, dogmatic government.

Emin recalls how the daily queue for bread and milk was suddenly replaced by a queue for something quite different. "These kiosks appeared in the street with colourful logos: Mars, Coke, Snickers. I remember standing in line for five hours for my first McDonald's. My friends and I didn't know what anything was so we bought one of everything." What did he think of the food? "I remember it so clearly," he says, eyes closed. "It was the most delicious thing I'd ever eaten. My dad thought it was disgusting."

While Emin's father, Aras, wasn't impressed by the US's flavoursome bun-based exports, he wasted no time in capitalising on capitalism. He threw himself headfirst into the world of business, first importing computers, then arranging trade fairs and finally moving into property and construction. When the dust finally settled he was one of the richest men in Russia.

It's worth pointing out that during all of this Emin wasn't sat at home mooching off his dad. He was in New Jersey, studying, chasing girls and earning his own money by working a series of reassuringly normal jobs. "I never wanted to join his company," he says. "I was doing well by myself in the US. Unlike the other kids, I didn't get any pocket money. I didn't want to live in his shadow."

That formidable shadow is one that hangs over us the whole time we're in Russia. Aras stares out from the cover of Russian *Forbes* magazine and framed photos in which he is stood, unsmiling, alongside President Vladimir Putin. Whereas his son projects an affable, transatlantic approachability, Agalarov senior has the concrete glare and unbreakable jaw of an unyielding empire builder. When we ask Roman about Emin's father he hesitates, considering his words. "His dad is… how can I say it? You feel his presence."

Eventually, Aras succeeded in getting his son back into the family fold with a cheeky offer. He owned a mall in Moscow that contained about six failing shops. If Emin could take the stores and turn a profit, he could keep the profit. He took the bait and five years later that handful of shops had ballooned to 75, with an annual turnover of £80 million.

You might look at that and say, "What a lot of money! Good job!" An oligarch looks at that and thinks, "It's a start".

If you want an idea of the scale of the Agalarov empire these days you only need to look at the massive computer screen on the wall of Emin's office. A menu runs down its left-hand side, allowing you to choose between one of the many projects his company, Crocus International, has on the go. There's the 62,000 square-metre Crocus City Mall; a 6,000 seater-concert hall; the 549,000 square metre international exhibition centre Crocus Expo; the country's largest 'retail entertainment centre', Vegas; the Agalarov Estate





JEEP TERRITORY : ONE OF THE MANY COMPANIES EMIN ENDORSES





WITH HARD-AS-NAILS DAD ARAS – ONE OF THE ORIGINAL OLIGARCHS


THE GOD SCREEN (EMIN ACTION FIGURE VISIBLE IN FOREGROUND)



MUHAMMED ALI'S ACTUAL GLOVE AND HANDPRINT


THE TIMES SQUARE REPLICA IN EMIN'S VEGAS MALL




EVEN BILLIONAIRES OCCASIONALLY MAKE DICKS OF THEMSELVES



"I NEVER LIKED SPORTS CARS... THEN MY DAD BOUGHT ME A FERRARI"

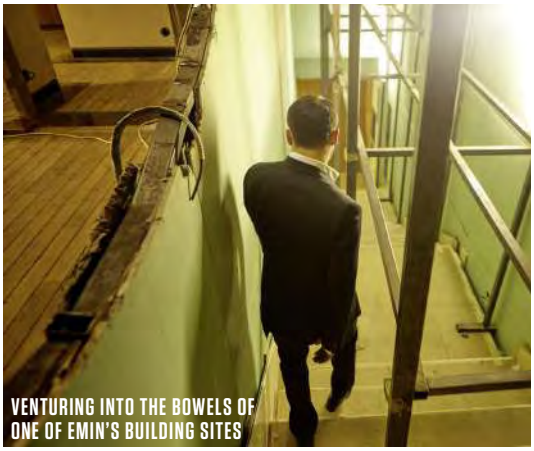



GOING OVER THE NUMBERS AT A FANCY PIZZA RESTAURANT (THAT HE OWNS)









VENTURING INTO THE BOWELS OF ONE OF EMIN'S BUILDING SITES



VODKA AND PICKLES: THE BREAKFAST OF (RUSSIAN) CHAMPIONS



EACH OF THESE BOTTLES IS WORTH MORE THAN YOUR HOUSE



"PEOPLE IN ORANGE LAMBORGHINIS DON'T NORMALLY HAVE THAT MUCH MONEY"



AN INFORMAL JAM AT HOME – WITH THREE BACKING SINGERS





ADMIT IT: IF YOU WERE HIM, YOU'D HAVE ONE TOO



PROBABLY THE NICEST PIANO WE'VE EVER SEEN

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? ER... NO

They're the overseas pop megastars you've probably never heard of



JOVANOTTI
Italy
The Italian Bruce Springsteen has had six albums go five-times platinum.



2FACE IDIBIA
Nigeria
This Midas-touched singer songwriter has a vast real estate empire in Nigeria.



HIKARU UTADA
Japan
A Madonna-esque pop queen who has sold close to 60 million albums worldwide.

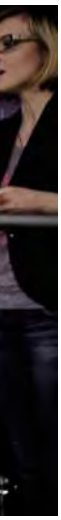


ANDY LAU
China
A singer/film star who's sold out every stadium in China and starred in more than 100 films.



MAHER ZAIN
Sweden
Muslim R 'n' B smoothie who's debut album went 20-times platinum in Indonesia.






golf club, 15 pricey restaurants and even a luxury residential complex in Azerbaijan called Sea Breeze On the Caspian. Click on any of them and live video footage from the site immediately springs up on the screen. We watch someone fiddling about in a kitchen for a while, oblivious to the fact they're on camera. It feels a bit like being God, if God's omnipotence was limited to upscale boutiques, restaurants and night clubs.

We push Emin to disclose how much revenue is generated by the whole operation. He tells us. It's a lot.

Surely the sprawling business commitments interfere with his pop career? What would happen, we ask, if his record label asked him to tour for two years to promote an album?

"I don't need to tour," he states. "My music is financially independent. I chose a business path because I knew that if could learn how to make money, I could make my other dreams come true. Music, motorbikes, whatever I like."

Emin's dream at this point in time is to crack the British charts. He's been releasing hit albums for 10 years and, having become a massive star in Russia, he's got his sights set on the UK pop scene. The guy's already had a measure of success here – a few singles from an earlier album, *Wonder*, were plalisted on Radio 2 and Magic FM – and he's clearly hungry for more. We ask him why he's so obsessed with Blighty.

"Because it's a world-leader for music," he says. "Look how many famous song-writers are from Britain. Not France or Germany. Britain."

Roman, Emin's faithful, long-suffering assistant, asks us who is currently the most famous Russian music act in Britain. We struggle. Tatu, the lesbian-themed pop duo, perhaps? Although, now we come to think of it, that was over a decade ago. Maybe, simply by default, it might actually be Emin.

Roman looks pleased at this. We like Roman. They say that behind every great man there stands a great woman. And that may be true. But standing behind the pair of them, existing on two hours sleep, doubled-over with anxiety – there's usually a person like Roman. Uncomplainingly and repeatedly allowing the steel-toed boot of life to kick the shit out of them.

We want to see at least some of 'Emin World' with our own eyes, so the man himself agrees to gives us a walking tour of Vegas, the above-mentioned mega-mall that makes London's Westfield shopping centre look like a half-furnished branch of Ryman's. The place is gloriously bonkers: huge ferris wheels, ice-skating rinks and a scale replica of New York's Times Square rub up alongside hundreds of luxury stores. Emin is a helpful, ever-modest guide but attracts attention wherever we go. Photographers, both professional and enterprising amateurs, buzz around us, snapping away like piranhas. Star-struck mothers push their toddlers towards him for photos and hugs. The two beautiful women at the information kiosk jump up and look like they might actually soil themselves in fear as he approaches to say hello. It's a bit like being given a walking tour of Grimsby with Michael Bublé. If Michael Bublé also owned Grimsby.

We accompany Emin as he storms at pace through the gloomy building site of his new multi-storied Nobu restaurant. Squat, middle-aged construction workers, drawn from all corners of the Central Asian regions, scuttle out of his way so he can show us what will soon be the banquet hall and the private dining room. A lot of them stare at him, stupefied as he goes by. It's not clear if their petrification is due to him being their boss's boss's boss's boss or to the fact he's a massively famous pop star they've watched on television with their wives back home.

During the mini tour, Emin introduces us to the architect (who seems a bit scared of him), the site manager (who seems a bit scared of him), and the guy responsible for the lighting (who seems terrified of him). Not that the big man doesn't appear to be anything other than a nice guy. He really doesn't seem the type to bully underlings for kicks. But it must be at the very least startling when a fly-by-hi from your employer also involves multiple photographers, personal assistants and a journalist.

That night, we travel to a block of flats (a block of flats built and owned by the Agalarovs, obviously) to find out where Emin lays his head at the end of a busy day oligarch-ing. Despite the jaw-dropping views of downtown Moscow, the signed Elvis memorabilia and immaculate marble surfaces, his penthouse apartment is surprisingly modest.

Then, on the top floor, we discover an eight-piece live band and two sound technicians. Emin changes out of his suit and joins them to rattle through a few of his songs while an enormous man named Pavel ("I am band… manager?") gives us vodka, more vodka and pickles. The guitarist – who looks a bit like Conservative MP Michael Gove with a goatee beard – tells us they get to go home at some point, but we prefer the idea of the band trapped up there like caged birds, forced to play Emin's music on a loop for all eternity.

The songs are catchy, smooth and polished; the equivalent of Chris Rea and Enrique Iglesias purified in a Eurovision blender, and fed to you through a straw of purest melodrama. It's not for fans of death metal, but if you enjoy emotional ballads and big choruses, then why not give it a whirl? Emin really does give a shit about his music and it's clear that his career as a performer, while made possible by money, is only feasible thanks to a lot of hard work on his part.

The last time we see Emin is at one of his nightclubs called Rose Bar. He's still a gracious, generous host, but he looks a bit knackered. But then again, so would we if we had two careers to hold down. Still, his slightly frayed edges do nothing to deter the clusters of terrifyingly-attractive, lithe-legged women in the room, trying to pout and smolder in his general direction. Does it bother Emin that a lot of people won't look beyond his personal circumstances when considering his music career?

"It was always the first question I got asked," he says. "'What does it feel like to sing when you have so much money?' What they really mean is, 'You're just doing this for fun, because you have nothing else to do'."

That's the truth about Emin Agalarov: it's tempting to pigeonhole him as an overgrown spoiled kid who once yelled, "I want to be a pop star!" and, lo and behold, became one. But, after spending time with him, it's clear to see that it's not actually the reality. He's a sweet guy who has no truck with pointless extravagance ("Usually, people who drive about in orange Lamborghinis don't actually have that much money"). He works bloody hard at his day job so he can afford to make music on his own terms.

He admits that when he and his father built the top-of-the-range Crocus City Hall music venue he didn't dare play in it for six years. "I felt very uncomfortable," he says quietly. "I could imagine all these people looking at me, thinking 'He's only doing this because he has money'. And sometimes I felt it too. Maybe if I didn't have money, I wouldn't sing."

It's oddly touching to see this world-conquering alpha-dude, the good-looking billionaire's son, 'fess up to feelings of inadequacy. We tell him self-doubt is normal.

"Yeah," he says, perking up. "And if I really was a shit singer I wouldn't have 15,000 people paying to see me. So I must be okay. Sort of."

Don't worry, Emin. You're doing just fine. FHM

Emin's new album, More Amor, *is out now on Saffron Music via Warner Music Group /ADA*

»



#1

SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU

THE HAIR TWIRLER

"Girls do this automatically, and you'll see this when she is feeling nervous. Good nervous, though, not bad nervous.

"It's probably one of the first signs you'll want to see on a date, but if you get it, it means you're off to a good start."

7

SIGNS SHE'S TOTALLY INTO YOU

STARRING

STEPHANIE PRATT

MADE IN CHELSEA'S SUPER-HOT USA STAR GIVES US ALL A VALUABLE LESSON IN UNDERSTANDING THE FAIRER SEX… AND HOW TO PERFECT THE ART OF A KEG STAND

WORDS: CHRIS SAYER

PHOTOGRAPHY: ZOE McCONNELL



SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU #2

THE 24-HOUR TEXTER

"The first text you get from a girl is actually from about five girls. All her friends have helped put that message together.

"The fact she's messaging you shows you're worth the effort. Don't 'play it cool' by waiting to text back – that's for losers."



STEPHANIE PRATT

It's no secret that when you're rich, famous, and ridiculously good-looking, it's a whole lot easier to get what you want. Before performing at the Super Bowl, Beyoncé allegedly demanded that she be built a backstage nursery for her daughter Blue Ivy, scented with rose-petal candles and kept at precisely 26 degrees. Of course, she got it. Christina Aguilera apparently requests vitamin C tablets on her rider… that are specifically in the shape of the Flintstones. And as for J-Lo, only a custom-made germ-resistant toilet seat for her $27 million dollar bottom will do. You got it, 'Jenny from the block'.

Meet Stephanie Pratt: the blonde and bonkersly hot American who, by way of US reality TV show *The Hills*, now frequents the champagne bars, multi-million-pound mansions, polo games and Range Rovers of Channel 4's *Made In Chelsea*.

"I need… I need some heavy metal," she shouts on her *FHM* shoot day, before triggering the first of seven confetti cannons into a shower of silver mess. We turn up Metallica's *Master Of Puppets*. The cannon erupts. She jumps into an energetic air guitar and head bangs. These are the kind of 'diva' requests we're more than happy to work with.

Steph! Welcome to your first *FHM* cover shoot…
Oh my god, I'm really excited. I remember shooting for you guys a while back when I was on *The Hills*, and there were a lot of bath tubs involved. But on the cover? It's the dream! Growing up, I was always a tomboy and I didn't have a lot of self-confidence. This is the ultimate sexy magazine, so it's really cool.
So you've brought your American poshness from *The Hills* all the way to *Made In Chelsea* – what are the main differences between US posh girls and posh Brits?
Girls here are way more reserved. Like, they still get totally wild, but they can keep it classy while they're doing it whereas in the States, you'll catch us falling out of clubs barefoot.
Which side of the Atlantic handles their champagne better?
It's you guys for sure. You all start drinking way younger over here, so I blame the fact that you've had way more practice than us.
How does a super-posh night out go in the States?
It always starts with a dinner: the most exclusive restaurant you can get into, of course. And then it's the hottest club with a table in the VIP section and then car service – a huge SUV or sports car to whisk you home. The goal is to never wait for anything – a drink, entry to the club, your table, anything. In LA, the amount of time you have to wait for anything pretty much determines how important you are.
What are your local hang-outs now you're in the UK?
There's a club that I totally love in London called The Box. Some weird stuff goes on in there…
Yeah? How weird?
Basically, it's set up like a huge concert with the tables looking down at a stage, and during the

SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU #3

THE BIG SPENDER

"I'm pretty good at showering my boyfriend in gifts – I like to spoil a guy. If you wanted to buy me a gift, I love stuff I can wear.

"Be it jewellery, a handbag or shoes, I'll put it on and I'll feel close to you. I'm cool with an old t-shirt too. My closet is filled with my boyfriend's hoodies."

»

night they'll welcome anything on to the stage, from girls dancing with fire, to couples having sex in front of you while you're having a drink.

Uh huh…

Yeah, you know you've had a great night out when you look back on your phone and see photos of little people serving you champagne as you watch a live sex show…

Please tell us that all American house parties are like the ones we see in films.

Oh man, whenever someone's parents were out of town, you knew there'd be a massive back-yard party. Everyone in Beverly Hills lives in these huge houses, so whenever the parents were gone, the first thing we'd do was find their finest tequila. It would always be hidden in the basement. After that, all that was left to do was destroy their house.

How did you fare when it came to the infamous keg stand?

I was pretty good! My biggest tip would be to just accept that you're going to get covered in beer. You cannot do it right without getting messy. I usually lasted as long as it took to burst out laughing.

You got called out on *Made In Chelsea* for not knowing what netball is. We're gonna throw a few more Britishisms at you to see how well you're settling in.

Oh god.

First up… pork scratchings.

I have no idea what one of those is.

Bad start. It's pig skin that tastes amazing with a pint.

Ew! Is that for real?

Yep. When you find one that still has a hair on it, that's a bonus.

Stop! You actually eat those things? I'd send that back.

Next up, a Turbo Shandy.

Is that anything to do with champagne?

It's kind of the opposite: a beer and Smirnoff Ice cocktail. Now, how about a Prince Albert?

Yes! That's when you get your penis pierced. I know this!

Bingo. Last one: a Mucky Winston.

Is that a word for when you've had a really shitty night?

Almost… but we made that one up.

Oh my god.

What criteria does a guy have to fill if he wants to be your boyfriend?

A lot. All of my ex-boyfriends said that their biggest problem with me was that I'm never satisfied, and nothing they could do would keep me happy.



SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU #4

THE DOORSTEP CHEERLEADER

"She is totally into you if she turns up at your front door in a sexy outfit just to please you.

"I mean, it's a ridiculous thing to do, but it means she knows what you like."

What's the one thing a guy should never do?

Never, ever make me pay for dinner. I'll pay for a guy's lunch or coffee or whatever, but when it comes to dates, a girl has probably bought a date dress especially for you that costs way more than the dinner. You think you're gonna get lucky if you split the bill? You're so wrong.

A few of your photos here look like they're right out of *Clueless*, which had the tagline, 'Sex, Clothes, Popularity'. What order do those three go in for you?

Clothes, then popularity, then sex. Popularity, because I am a people

SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU #5

THE FAKE SPORTS FAN

"Yes, this is a classic. We do not care about your sports team. I remember going to a Chelsea game recently and trying my hardest not to get my phone out and play on it, and to seem interested the whole time.

"It's a real strategy, and takes a lot of effort. You should appreciate it more."



PHOTOGRAPHY: ZOE MCCONNELL. STYLING: MICHELLE KELLY AT CAROL HAYES. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: SUSANNA MOTTOLA USING PRO MAC AND BUMBLE AND BUMBLE. CLOTHING: BLAZER, VEST, BIKINI BOTTOMS, TOP SHOP, TOPSHOP.COM, BIKINI BOTTOMS, LIZ HURLEY BEACH, ELIZABETHHURLEY.COM, BLAZER, VERY, VERY.CO.UK, BRA, INTIMISSIMI, INTIMISSIMI.COM, SKIRT, CROP TOP, AMERICAN APPAREL, AMERICANAPPAREL.NET, SOCKS, PRINGLE, PRINGLESCOTLAND.COM, JACKET, T-SHIRT, SWEAT SHIRT, MAJESTIC, MAJESTICATHLETIC.COM





SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU #6

THE MORNING SMILER

"If she's pleased to see you in the morning after the night before, then high five yourself, and make her a tea quickly.

"One thing that a guy can do to piss me off when I've woken up? Be grumpy. I don't care about bad breath, but if you're in a bad mood, you'll put me in an even worse mood and you don't want that."



pleaser and I don't like it when people don't like me. And sex is third, because I never chase sex. I only enjoy being intimate with somebody I'm in love with.

Hey – you've written a book!

Yes! And you're the first to know about it. It's coming out later in the year, and it's about me growing up. It's got stuff about family, getting everything I've ever wished for, my descent into drugs and rehab and arrests. Then stuff about *The Hills*, *Big Brother*, *Made In Chelsea*, my brother, guys… I've been very honest.

Our world-famous 100 Sexiest is coming up. Who do you really want to beat on our countdown?

Oh my god, that's so bitchy. I can't answer that!

OK – who deserves to top the list?

I'll be voting for Chrissy Teigen. She's John Legend's wife. She's gorgeous, she's always had her own career, has an amazing sense of humour, posts amazing pictures on her Instagram of all the meals she cooks for her family, and she's got two dogs. She's my perfect woman. FHM


STEPHANIE PRATT
SIGNS SHE'S INTO YOU
#7
THE WELCOME HOME CELEBRATER
"If you've been away, I'll cook your favourite dinner while wearing my favourite lingerie to show you what you've missed.
"Then after dinner, well – let's just call it 'private time'."

SAY HI TO THE BAD GUYS

Villains. They're all around us. In our schoolyards, on our tellies and under our beds. But what's it like to actually *be* a baddy?

WHY BAD GUYS ARE MORE FUN

By thriller writer Peter Swanson

We all have a little bit of villain inside of us. Even if the last time it reared its ugly head was when you were three and decapitated your sister's favourite doll. But even if you don't act on it (and you really shouldn't, for all sorts of moral, philosophical, and prison-avoiding reasons), that doesn't mean we can't entertain villainous thoughts from time to time. That's why writing villains is so enjoyable. You get to create a character that isn't bound by everyday inhibitions or boring-old morality. Lily Kintner, the protagonist in my novel *The Kind Worth Killing* is by far my favourite of the characters I've created. She's certainly villainous, and probably outright psychopathic, but there's also something immensely practical about her.

When Lily decides to do something (murder someone she doesn't like, for example), she actually goes ahead and does it. She doesn't grapple with ethics. She just follows her worst impulses. No waffling. No guilt. And that's why the bad guys (and the bad girls) are so much fun to write. With heroic characters, the writer has to worry about making them virtuous but also real, noble but a little flawed. None of that matters with villains. All that matters with writing villains is letting that little doll decapitator that resides inside of you run the show for a while. And then wait and see what happens next.

The Kind Worth Killing by Peter Swanson is out now (£14.99, Faber & Faber)

THE MAN WHO SAVES MURDERERS

Professor David R Dow, 55, has fought for the lives of 115 condemned murderers over the past 22 years as a death penalty lawyer in Houston, Texas. Win or lose, he gets to know every one of his clients intimately…

Most death penalty lawyers will tell you pure evil does not exist. But I believe it does. I have seen it in the eyes of a handful of the 115 condemned men and women whom I have represented over the past 22 years.

Committing a murder does not make a person evil. I work tirelessly to understand why my clients did what they did – and in the vast majority of cases, I can find an explanation. And most express regret.

It does not mean I forgive or excuse murder. Most of my clients did something terrible. But most of them did so because, when they were young, their parents were appalling. The lucky ones were utterly ignored; the others were routinely raped or beaten; some were punished by being scalded with boiling water or burned with cigarettes. With those cases, I can map their path to murder.

My job is to convince judges that my clients do not deserve to be executed for their crimes. What keeps me up at night is when I cannot understand why they did what they did. It is impossible to argue.

I think the concept of evil refers to a form of psychopathic anti-social behaviour from a young age. There aren't any environmental triggers; their brains are simply wired differently to the rest of us, making them incapable of registering human empathy.

It is truly chilling to sit across from somebody whom you believe is evil. I have heard people describe committing a murder or a sexual assault in the way that you or I might talk about having jaywalked or running a red light.

I've talked to people from apparently stable homes who were beating cats to death with baseball bats at the age of seven. And at some point they graduated on to killing human beings. I cannot explain that and it drives me mad.

Grieving families of people my clients have killed do at times direct their anger at me. A mother once threw coffee over me outside the prison. That is emotionally hard – it hurts. I take it as a signal of how much pain they're in and of how much they loved the person who was killed.

I get confronted at parties for what I do constantly. Most people express utter incomprehension at what I do and that somehow I am representing the wrong side of justice. If you can't allow that to flow off you like water off a duck's back, then you can't be a death penalty lawyer in Texas.

Still, I tell myself four or five times a day that I should quit and do something else. The emotional weight of the family members, in particular, is difficult to carry. But I'll never give up.

What drives me? The basic belief that America is behaving immorally in applying different rules for rich and poor. It takes people who don't have resources and subjects them to this dramatic final punishment. Nobody who has resources faces that.

There is another reason why I defend death row murderers to the end. To me, the saddest thing in the world is when somebody



dies alone. Death is the most solemn and grave thing that we face and I think, at the moment of death, we are all human beings. Nobody, no matter what they've done, should die alone.

I believe in what I do. And if you believe something deeply and sincerely – and you have arrived at that belief in an honest, legitimate way – you are not being true to yourself if you allow criticism to deflect you from what you consider to be the proper path to follow. This is mine.

David's memoir about his career as a death penalty lawyer, The Autobiography Of An Execution *(published by Twelve) is out now* »

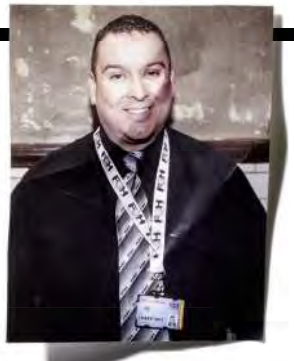
THE WALKING EMBODIMENT OF FEAR



Over the past three decades, actor Robert Englund, 67, has played one of the most infamous villains in Hollywood history: face-melted child killer Freddy Krueger…

Some actors famous for one character call it a typecast. For me, Freddy was a gift. Not only was he a wonderful character to play, but he made me an international star who works all over the world. I cannot begrudge that as an actor.
I'd sooner be a villain than a hero. It's much more liberating – he isn't saddled with character exposition as heroes are, so you can be freer with how you play him. Operatic even.
What makes Freddy Krueger a great villain? Freddy is playing the most intimate mind game. Because he exists in your subconscious, he knows your most inner thoughts – your sexual fantasies, your fears, your diary, what you've hidden in your underwear draw. And he's in there sifting around, toying with your dreams like a cat with a half-dead sparrow.
Like any great baddie, he loves his work. There's something darkly poetic about the phrase 'child killer' – he is killing the future.
Freddy's sense of humour only made him darker. He might gut some poor child, give him the kiss of death and let him cling to his body as he slowly drops to the ground.
When dressed as Freddy, I sort of become him – without the killing. I used to terrorise my co-star, the beautiful Heather Langenkamp, by telling her every filthy lewd joke I knew, and got away with it because I was Freddy, not Robert.
It took four hours every morning to make me Freddy. It began with basting my face with KY Jelly, then layers of latex.
The older I get, the more I look like Freddy. It is a little disconcerting, but when I first played him I was a young man made up to look older. Am I turning into Freddy?
At a recent Q&A with fans, I made a woman run from the room screaming. I was asked to sing Freddy's song – "One, two, Freddy's coming for you" – and she just lost it.
My biggest fear was losing my ability to scare people. So, when doubts set in, I'd lurk in shadows behind the set until some gaffer came for a cigarette. Then I'd move into a shaft of light, and growl, "Gotcha". It never failed to make them shit their pants.
A lot of women tell me find Freddy darkly sexy. For some girls he represents both fear and titillation.
I've lost count of the number of cleavages I've autographed. I've signed a lot of women with tattoos of me on their breasts, asses or way, way up high inside their thighs. They sometimes then go off and get my autograph tattooed and come back to show it to me all bruised and bloody. That's interesting.
Robert's latest film, The Last Showing*, is available on iTunes. Check him out at robertenglund.com*

THE BOUNCER



Chris Mattison, 40, has been working in security for 15 years, starting out at Manchester City FC. He is assistant security manager at Manchester's Albert Hall and works high-profile events including the Warehouse Project

When I ask someone to leave, they know they've done something wrong. Nine times out of 10, I don't have to touch them, they'll just walk out. I'll be fair and straight with them.
I have a laugh and joke with people, befriend them as they come in. People don't expect banter, and that works because people remember me. Hundreds of people say hi to me.
In all the time I've been working security, I've never hit anyone. When you get abuse, you just have to deal with it. Never take it personally. You can't. If you take it personally, you're in the wrong job.
Forty per cent of the company I work for, FGH Security, have degrees. They study in the day. The doorman image has changed.
One new club we worked at got tough. We had the wrong characters turning up week after week, trying to intimidate us. We stood our ground, and they just gave up. It was a battle of wills.
When I'm out, I don't much like other doormen. I won't name places, but I sometimes get proper attitude. Some stand there, and do the 'stern look', and it makes me cringe. For every 10 good doormen, there is one bad one.



THE PROFESSIONAL NUISANCE

Legendary free climber Alain Robert, 52, has scaled the world's tallest buildings and been arrested more times than he can count…

I have been arrested at least 100 times. In Australia I was banned for 10 years, China was only five.
As a child I wanted to climb, but I was afraid of heights. I felt discouraged as it was what I wanted to be but I just couldn't – two or three metres and I was already afraid. But I fought hard and overcame it. I still suffer from vertigo though.
A lot of cops like to take pictures of me. Sometimes they ask if I can show them exercises. And then some of them are fucking assholes.
In Japan, the police started punching my face. When I went to the building I wanted to climb there were like 50 cops waiting for me. They cordoned the whole area and said I wasn't allowed near. I did finally climb the next day, and they didn't like it.
I'm fine with some people thinking I'm a 'bad guy'. I know I'm not really a criminal. For me, it's important to have people who don't play by the rules. I think I'm a good example of freedom. Life is something that has to be funny, and kicking the ass of the authorities – it's fun. Provoking them, I kind of like it.
Once I fell headfirst, and another time I landed on my wrist. Both are really damaged and I'm now partially paralysed. My hand should be positioned in a different way and my bones don't allow me to rotate it. It means my strength is not as good as it should be, and then on top of that one of my nerves has been cut, so I've lost sensitivity in two fingers.
You can arrest me, you can ban me from your country, but I'm not going to stop. Never. Sometimes it is illegal, but this is what I enjoy. No one can stop me.
Standing at the top of a skyscraper is unique and amazing. Is it the best feeling in the world? It's better than sex.

WHAT GOES INTO A GOOD BAD GUY

By screenwriter Hossini Amini

Charisma
The toughest bad guys look like an angel. Alain Delon in *Le Samourai*. Satan in Milton's *Paradise Lost* was literally an angel.

Lethality
Whether it's a knife or lightsaber, the baddie has to use it better than anyone else. Think Edward Fox shooting the watermelon with his sniper rifle in *The Day Of The Jackal*.

Stoic
Bad guys don't need to use words. They just stare (or glare) and wait for anyone foolish enough to challenge them.

Deceptive kindness
A gentle appearance makes a villain even more shocking: Fonda's sympathetic blue eyes before he shoots the kid dead in *Once Upon A Time In The West*.

Cool car or horse
Great bad guys need equally menacing rides like the Dodge Charger in *Bullitt* or the Witch-king of Angmar in *Lord Of The Rings*.

Dignity
All villains have to die sometime and when they do, it's great if they go out with dignity. One of my favourite quotes is 'every villain is the hero of their own story.'

»

Hossini's latest film, The Two Faces Of January, *is out now on DVD*

TOP 8 VILLAINS

(WHO WERE BETTER THAN THE HERO)

Pop culture junkie Catherine Bray on the baddies who stole the show



Colonel Kurtz *(Marlon Brando)* **in Apocalypse Now** *(1979)*

In the book, Kurtz is tall and thin, so when Brando showed up overweight, knowing none of his lines, you could've forgiven the director an instant firing. Instead, he improvised, rambling 18-minute speeches including, "You're an errand boy, sent by grocery clerks, to collect a bill."



The Joker *(Heath Ledger)* **in The Dark Knight** *(2008)*

Do you want to see a magic trick? Absolutely not, you massive psycho. There's a reason literally every suburban sixth former's tried emulating the look of the late Heath Ledger in *The Dark Knight*, and it's the same reason they hadn't a chance in hell of pulling it off: it's a study in pure nihilistic glee.



Anton Chigurh *(Javier Bardem)* **in No Country For Old Men** *(2007)*

What's the most you've lost on a coin toss? If you ever come face-to-face with Anton Chigurh and his unflattering bowl cut, we're talking more than settling whose turn it is to unjam the printer. Can anyone remember the plot of *No Country*? Money?



Cruella De Vil *(Glenn Close)* **in 101 Dalmatians** *(1996)*

Disney is pretty great at villains in general, but Cruella De Vil eclipses the lot. The demonic fur-obsessive who wants to kill, skin and wear all those adorable puppies could hardly have seemed eviler if her surname spelled out 'devil'. Oh. Wait.



Malcolm Tucker *(Peter Capaldi)* **in The Thick Of It** *(2005)*

Come the fuck in and meet one of the greatest villains ever to grace the corridors of power or fuck the fuck off. Peter Capaldi subsequently even went head to head with Alastair Campbell in a charity swear-athon. It was basically *Alien* vs *Predator*, if aliens and predators had a penchant for calling people massive fucking faff arses.



Stringer Bell *(Idris Elba)* **in The Wire** *(2002)*

The Wire was never about straight-up heroes and villains – it was all about the shades of grey – which means that to stand out as a double-hard bastard above all others, you really had to have your double-hard bastardry nailed. He even outshone his own supposedly bigger, badder bosses. Where's Wallace, Stringer? WHERE'S WALLACE?



Hannibal Lecter *(Anthony Hopkins)* **in The Silence Of The Lambs** *(1991)*

That Sir Anthony managed to turn one of the most frankly ludicrous mannerisms ever committed to camera – a slurping noise? – into a genuine chiller is enough to justify that Oscar. Add to that his complete upstaging of the real villain of the piece, who lest we forget, was a dude making "a woman suit" and you have one of cinema's all-time greats.



The Operative *(Chiwetel Ejiofor)* **in Serenity** *(2005)*

"I'm a monster. What I do is evil… but it must be done." A philosophical assassin labouring under no illusions about the fact that he's, y'know, the villain of the piece, Joss Whedon's *Serenity* provided a showcase for Chiwetel Ejiofor's considerable talents as the evil and sadistic Operative long before *12 Years A Slave* came along.

THE FIGHTER FROM OUT OF TOWN



As a journeyman boxer, Johnny Greaves, 36, from London, was paid to travel the country to challenge upcoming fighters earmarked for the big time… and let them win. Always the away fighter and always the villain, this is his story…

I've climbed into the ring with phlegm literally dripping off my back more times than I can remember. I've been called every name under the sun, threatened, abused, even chased from venues. But that's the lot of a journeyman boxer: always the away fighter; always the villain; the most hated man in the room.
Boxing isn't a sport; it's a business. No promoter is going to pay for your fights out of his own pocket unless he is sure you are going to get to a level to repay him.
I understood this from an early age. I knew I was a good boxer, but I also knew I wouldn't win world titles. So I became a journeyman – fodder for those fighters who had been earmarked for the big time. I became the best in the business.
There weren't many opportunities for a kid like me, growing up in London's east end. So when, aged 28, a promoter offered me £1,200 to go four rounds against some up-and-coming kid in Middlesbrough, I jumped at the chance. "Go in there," he told me, "dance about and put on a good show… but whatever you do, DO NOT WIN." It was the easiest money ever.
I became the guy who'd take a fight at an hour's notice, anywhere in the country. Out of 100 fights, I lost 96. I was known as the guy who never got knocked out and always lost well. I fought nearly 20 British champions, two world champions, Commonwealth champs and fought in stadiums of 20,000 people.
Walking into an arena full of thousands of people who wanted me hurt, I'd often say to myself, "Fuck this lot. I'm going to get in there and wind them up too, the fuckers."
That's where the Ali stuff came in. I'd do a little shuffle, cup my hand over my ear or do a wanker sign at the crowd. I fucking loved it. The crowd not so much: cunt this, slag that, death threats.
I loved winding opponents up, too. I'd whisper things like, "You brush your teeth this morning, mate? Fuck… you stink."
I'll never forget fighting in Portsmouth in 2013. I was paid £400 extra to make sure the guy won. But he came out like a steam train in the first round and blew his beans.
At one point I was literally holding him up over my shoulder, whispering in his ear to fucking stand up. The crowd were so angry when I won. They wanted to give me a good hiding.
The money meant I could give my kids the life I never had. But, in the end, being the panto villain began to take its toll. I wanted to taste glory for myself. My ambition was always to reach 100 professional fights; to make my parents, wife and kids proud.
That day came on 29 September 2013 in east London's famous York Hall, a stone's throw from where I grew up. No amount of money would make me lose that fight. And win I did. Apart from seeing my kids born, it was the best day of my life. I was, for once, the good guy. *Johnny trains fighters at East London's Peacock Gym, peacockgym.com*

Scale of bad

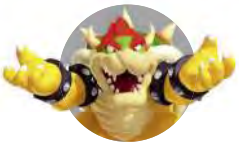
THE PENGUIN
(Batman Returns)
Obese, pervy-looking dwarf with a quasi-sexual penguin obsession



ERROL CHILDRESS
(True Detective)
Chubster who pales in comparison to the villain we'd built up in our minds



BOWSER
(Mario Bros.)
No discernible characteristics other than 'is bad'



ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
(Boardwalk Empire)
Eerie, calm, punctuated by terrifying rage

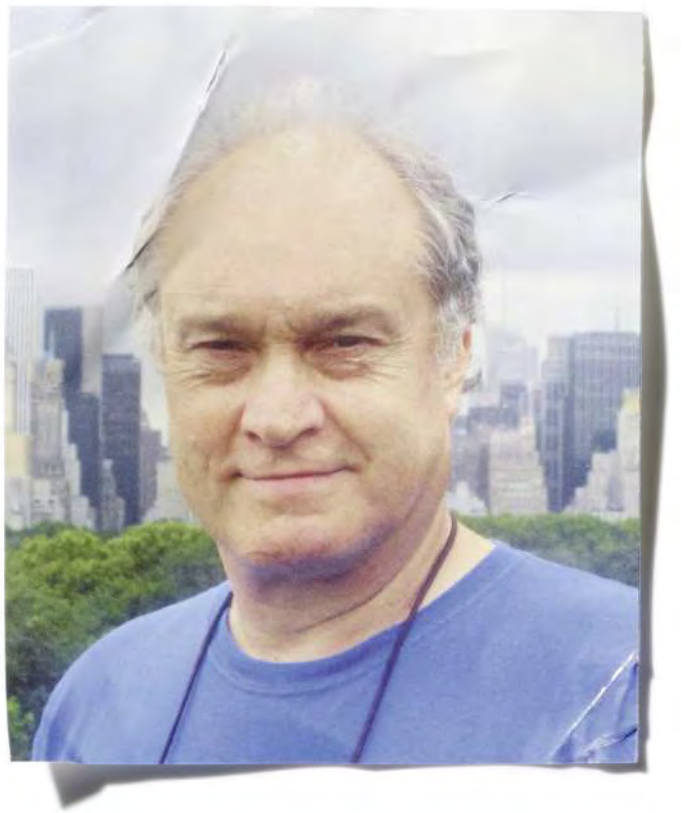


KING EDWARD I
(Braveheart)
Murderous, psychotic hell-king



BARELY BAD | **DISAPPOINTING** | **GENERIC** | **SINISTER** | **TURBO BASTARD** »

THE MILLWALL MAN



Bob Asprey, 61, has been chairman of Millwall FC Supporters' Association for a decade and a fan since his youth. He knows better than most what it is like to support one of English football's most hated clubs…

Telling somebody that you're a Millwall fan generally triggers one kind of response: "Really? But you don't look like a violent moron? Who was the last person you punched on the nose?" It's just the sort of conversation starter that tends to come about when you support one of the most hated clubs in the history of English football.

There's no smoke without fire of course, as the media are eager to remind us every time they roll out the famous 1985 footage [a riot involving Millwall's Bushwacker firm, which sparked the government's decision to increase security at football grounds].

Like every other club, we have a grim history of hooliganism. And of course there are still elements of our support who get their kicks out of getting some kicks in.

We are desperately trying to shed our 'hooligan' image. But it's hard, as the press are never going to pick up on the good things we do. It just doesn't fit with the stereotype.

That's not to say that a lot of the fans don't relish that reputation, of course they do. Our trademark chant is, "No one likes us, we don't care." The New Den is the most aggressive atmosphere you'll find in league football.

The Premier League has become too sanitised; many clubs have alienated their passionate old-school support in search of appeasing Sky and making vast amounts of money.

The way things are going, Millwall will be the last bastions of working-class football. It often works against us, of course. If we travel up north we'll be greeted by more police than we have supporters.

It's easy to see how a siege mentality could develop. Police cause agro, trip us up as we leave the station, and on occasion I've seen them physically abuse fans as young as 15.

And while the club and fans may argue about what they ultimately want Millwall to represent, we're all still part of the same Millwall family. Many of our supporters love to play the bad guy, and an equal number hate that reputation – but at the end of the day, however much we argue, we've all got to look out for each other. That's what families do.

THE RIOT COP



Between 2004 and 2014, John Murphy, 53, worked as an inspector for the Metropolitan Police Territorial Support Group. He's been on the frontline of many public disturbances. He never felt more hated than during the 2011 London riots…

6 August 2011 is a day burned on my memory for as long as I live. Standing in the middle of Tottenham High Road, the first thing I saw was a police car on fire. I felt my body tense up as I realised this was no ordinary demonstration.

The ferocity we faced that night was like nothing I've ever seen. We were facing 300 rioters throwing rocks and charging our lines with weapons. They were trying to kill us. I never expected to see that level of hatred.

I'm not ashamed to say I was frightened. I think we all were. Fear is one of the most basic human emotions.

I saw a female officer suffer a seizure after a rock hit her on the head. That was frightening for everyone as the ambulances were a long way behind us. They put her on a makeshift stretcher and got her out of there as quickly as possible. Another officer had a brick hit his riot helmet. The visor crumpled under the weight of it.

Could I see their point of view? Of course. Mark Duggan was killed [by a police officer]. There's going to be an outpouring of grief.

How does it feel to be seen as the bad guy? Not good. But if someone's hellbent on anarchy, you won't win them over. You have to minimise casualties on both sides.

Sometimes the red mist comes down and cops lose control. Cops are human beings, and if someone has tried to stab you, you might react badly.

I'll never forget seeing a frozen salmon flying over my head. The rioters had broken into a fishmongers. It must've weighed about 20 pounds.

The shopkeepers were giving us drinks. One of my friends was trying to give them money, in the middle of a riot, and they just said, "Take them." So on one side of the shields you had the anger, and on the other the generosity of these people, trying to give us pop.

My best friend's dad was a copper, and years ago he said, "John, police are a necessary evil." That's a very dramatic way to describe it… but it's true. FHM

John works with the Police Federation of England and Wales, polfed.org

PICTURES: SHUTTERSTOCK, REX, ALAMY, LANDMARK

HOW BAD ARE YOU?

FHM QUIZ

Are you a mildly tittish twerp, a poison-dripping pariah, or just a straight-up nice guy?

Q 1.
How did you mark April Fools' Day this year?

Ⓐ You put all the clocks in your house forward an hour.

Ⓑ With some ill-judged joke on Twitter about anal sex.

Ⓒ FFS, do people still do April Fools' pranks?

Ⓓ Set elaborate *Home Alone*-style booby traps for your dad. Then filmed him being covered in glue and feathers. Then made a Vine out of the footage.

Q 2.
Which of these are you most likely to do in the shower?

Ⓐ Use someone else's pricey Original Source bodywash.

Ⓑ Shave your wild pubes using a disposable razor that ain't yours.

Ⓒ Sing some classic Hall & Oates, occasionally making up the lyrics.

Ⓓ Stage your own 'dirty protest' just to see what it would look like, then wash it all away.

Q 3.
What's the worst thing that you could open on a crowded train?



Q 4.
How do you greet your work colleagues?

Ⓐ "Waaasssaaaaap! Hey check out the banter on this YouTube video!"

Ⓑ With a wet willy.

Ⓒ With a nod and a mumbled, "Alright, mate."

Ⓓ With your actual willy.

Q 5.
Your girlfriend wants to do something Saturday. What do you suggest?

Ⓐ Paintballing with all your ledge-bants mates.

Ⓑ You want to play *Call Of Duty*, so lie and say you're busy.

Ⓒ A lovely exhibition followed by a bit of dinner.

Ⓓ Be suspicious as to why she wants you out of the house. Insist on reading through every single text messages on phone.

Q 6.
You see a mate waiting at a bus stop in the rain. What do you do?

Ⓐ Beep your horn loads and shout "bus wanker" at them before stopping.

Ⓑ Splash them with a puddle and drive on.

Ⓒ Pull over and offer a lift.

Ⓓ Think about how much enjoyment ploughing your car into them would bring. Laugh out loud to yourself for 10 minutes.

Q 7.
What's in your pocket on a night out?



Mostly As

You're not a bad person, but unfortunately you are a bit of a prat. Perhaps tone down your twattishness a tad and have a word with yourself from time to time.

Mostly Bs

Congratulations, you are quite the shitbag. Perhaps not evil, but you're probably not the nicest person to sit next to at a wedding, and we bet you're prone to the odd bit of trolling.

Mostly Cs

What a nice chap you must be. No skeletons in your closet or secret BNP voting for you, as you're just an all-round decent person. (Unless you're brilliant at hiding your dickishness).

Mostly Ds

Good god, you're a really nasty piece of work, aren't you? Take a long, hard look at yourself and consider becoming an estate agent or joining a death cult, you shit human.



SEX, BEDSHEETS AND BEERS:

ARE YOU NORMAL?

WORDS:

MATT BLAKE

PHOTOGRAPHY:

DIANA GOMEZ

You probably had a moment just like it. It was probably when you were at school. The realisation – usually pointed out by someone else – that something about you *wasn't normal*. Maybe it was the number of showers you took a day. Or the way you ate. Perhaps you didn't care about the same things as everyone else. Whatever it was, it made you feel different.

Hopefully, you'll have realised by now that there's nothing wrong with being different. In fact, here at *FHM*, we celebrate weirdness, individuality and the fact that some of us actually genuinely enjoy country music, thanks very much.

Having said that, it's a basic human desire to want to know everyone else's business. How often *do* your mates wash their sheets? Is MILF porn the norm? We asked 7,000 men a whole load of palm-clammingly personal questions to deduce what – in the topsy-turvy world of 2015 Britain – counts as 'normal'.



33%

OF READERS LOST THEIR VIRGINITY AFTER THEIR 18TH BIRTHDAY

• The average age that Brits lose their virginity is apparently bang on 16 – but it's been getting younger and younger with every generation. The average age that men over 55 lost their virginity is between 19 and 20, whereas the current crop of 16-24 year olds popped their cherry aged 15.

WHEN DID YOUR FAVOURITE CELEBS BECOME MEN?

P. Diddy **13**
Johnny Depp **13**
Ozzy Osbourne **14**
Dustin Hoffman **15**
Matthew McConaughey **15**
Tiger Woods **16**
Daniel Radcliffe **16**
Will Ferrell **21**
Chris Martin **22**
Ian McKellen **22**
Gary Coleman **40**

76% OF YOU THINK IT IS THE SAME OR HARDER BEING A MAN TODAY THAN IN THE PAST

»

48%

OF YOU CHANGE YOUR SHEETS LESS THAN ONCE A MONTH

• A recent YouGov poll found that the average British man claims to wash his sheets about once every 10 days. We're dubious. A survey by a mattress company in 2013 found the average British bachelor changes his sheets just once every three months. Need an incentive to do better? If you sleep eight hours a night for a month, your body will secrete roughly 30g of skin and 30 pints of sweat. The Ohio State University entomology department says dust mites eat this skin and defecate faecal pellets in your sheets which you breathe in and can get lodged in your throat. A typical used mattress has 100,000-10 million mites inside, depending how well its sheets are washed. Sweet dreams.



40%

OF YOU MASTURBATE ONCE A DAY

• You're alone. You've spent the night watching telly, sunk a bottle of wine, and your eye wanders down towards your hand. *Just you and me, old friend. Like always.*

Whether you're in a relationship or not, there isn't a scientist in the world that will tell you self-loving is not a normal reaction to boredom, singledom or a sleepy girlfriend. In fact, British psychologists at the Journal of Psychology & Human Sexuality found that young men masturbate on average 12 times a month. That's once every two-and-a-half days. They'll also tell you it's pretty much impossible to self-love too much. Too hard, yes – extreme cases have seen men fracture their weenies or rupture arteries – but too much, no. Researchers in Australia have even claimed regular masturbation can reduce the risk of prostate cancer.

7%

OF MEN CAN'T REMEMBER IF THEY'VE EVER LET ANYTHING INSIDE THEIR BUM DURING SEX

(At least that's what they're telling us.)

CAN YOU WANK TOO MUCH?

Bernd Leygraf is a consultant psycho-sexual therapist based in London

• "Masturbating is perfectly normal. It does not make you blind or give you hairy palms and is not addictive.

"I treat a lot of men for stress-related issues and one of the first questions I always ask is, 'Do you masturbate?' The answer is overwhelmingly 'yes'. Masturbation is one of mankind's basic tools to self-soothe – a fundamental ability that humans have to survive life. It relieves stress, calms, and creates pleasure.

"It is not possible to wank too much. It only becomes a problem when it's your only tool to deal with anxiety. It's important to have other stress relievers in your life, such as exercise or sex. There is another issue: a lot of men feel guilty or ashamed about it. The classic scenario is when a woman finds porn on her partner's computer and feels he's cheated. But I'd suggest that the relationship may be rather fragile. And of course, women masturbate too…

"However, masturbation should never be a complete replacement for sex with a partner. If, in a relationship, wanking goes up as sex goes down, I'd say there's a conflict in the relationship that needs to be addressed. If you are in a relationship, remember: wanking does not have to be a lone pursuit."

gettingbetter.org.uk

HERE'S WHAT YOU THOUGHT YOUR ERECT PENISES WERE ROUGHLY EQUIVALENT TO:

1.93% Stick of lip balm
10.61% Nokia 3210
64.81% Standard sausage (before cooking)
20.70% Relay race baton
1.95% Sainsbury's baguettine

• Am I big enough? What is big enough? It's been the throbbing question on every man's mind since our club-carrying ancestors first painted massive Johnsons on cave walls in the dark. Recently, the *British Journal of Urology* finally cast light on man's oldest insecurity. They laboriously measured 15,521 penises – both hard and soft – in a bid to "reassure the large majority of men that the size of their penis is in the normal range." The answer? 5.16 inches erect, and 3.6 inches flaccid. There, now you know – we'll leave the maths to you.



22%

OF MEN DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW IF THEY'RE IN LOVE

• If you are one of the confused, you are not alone. "What is love?" was the most Googled query in 2012, according the search engine. Last year it came third, beaten only by Ebola and the muscle-wasting disease ALS.

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE REALLY, REALLY, REALLY, REALLY WELL HUNG?

Jonah Falcon, 44, from New York, owns the world's largest penis. It is 9.5 inches (24cm) flaccid and 13.5 inches (34cm) when erect

• "I first realised my penis was above average size when I measured myself at the age of 10. I was 8in hard and didn't think anything of it to be quite honest. My schoolmates were, of course, amazed the first time they saw it in the changing rooms.

"Are there downsides to having a big penis? Well, sometimes it will dip into the toilet water, which can be problematic in certain cases.

"Sex in general isn't really a problem, though oral sex can be challenging. I'm thicker than my wrist and some scrape teeth on it. I seldom get fully erect when someone is blowing me because of this. I'll get bigger if they're super enthusiastic.

"I have had to reassure men about the size of their penises at times. But I am of the 'how you use it' camp, and I know how to use the sheer size to do certain things other guys may not be able to.

"My own opinion has been that psychology plays more of a part with penis size during sex than anything else. The conceptualisation of something more than twice normal stretching them wide is more arousing than the actual penetration; it's basically mental foreplay during intercourse, enhancing the actual physical stimulation. Women who prefer small penises probably use that same mental stimulation of a discreet member entering them.

"Women tend to get excited over penises that react favourably in their presence. People like to feel like they turn the other person on, and vice versa. They don't need the 'small penises are exciting, too!' spiel. All penises are exciting, regardless of size."

»

32%

OF MEN HATE THEIR JOB

• You're still doing the spreadsheet your boss asked you to write five days ago. It doesn't take five days to do a spreadsheet. You know this, your boss knows this. Nobody even wants the spreadsheet you're pretending to make. Work wasn't supposed to be like this… and you hate it. But you're not the only one. A report published last year by Gallup, the Washington, DC-based polling organisation, found that only 13% of workers across 189 countries felt engaged by their jobs. If you're not one of them, it's time for a change. Just don't go out and buy a pub (see list).

TOP FIVE HAPPIEST JOBS

- Clergy
- Chief executive/senior official
- Agriculture/horticulture proprietor
- Company secretary
- Quality assurance

TOP FIVE UNHAPPIEST JOBS

- Publican
- Elementary construction
- Debt/rent collector
- Industrial cleaner
- Floorer/wall tiler

Source: Cabinet Office, which ranked 274 professions in order of job satisfaction



MORE THAN HALF OUR READERS DON'T TAKE SELFIES

• Do you feel like the only one in your friendship group not populating their photo stream with a never-ending procession of their own face? According to a survey, you're not alone. And this is a good thing: Ohio State University recently discovered that men who took a lot of selfies were more likely to be narcissists, prone to 'self-objectification' and even psychopathy.

36%

OF YOU DO A LOT OF EXERCISE

• Are you more sofa than man? Do your arteries resemble Pizza Hut stuffed crusts? Get your arse in gear and work up a sweat (the vast majority of our readers do some kind of exercise on a semi-regular basis). Get out. Jog to the pub. Jog back. Have sex, which, according to research by American science journal PlusOne, burns 4.2 calories a minute for men (3.1cpm for women). Benenden's Healthcare National Health Report 2014 found the average British man does 73 minutes of cardio per week. That's 77 minutes less than the NHS recommends, but it's better than raising a pint to your beer hole.

40%

OF MEN DRINK MORE THAN 4 PINTS A WEEK

• Who doesn't like to blow the froth off a few pints of a weekend? Joy vacuums, that's who. But here's a sobering fact: the average Brit drinks 1,337 units of alcohol, or about 445 pints of beer a year. That's eight and a half pints a week, according to the World Health Organisation.

46%

OF YOU HAVE SLEPT WITH FIVE PEOPLE OR LESS

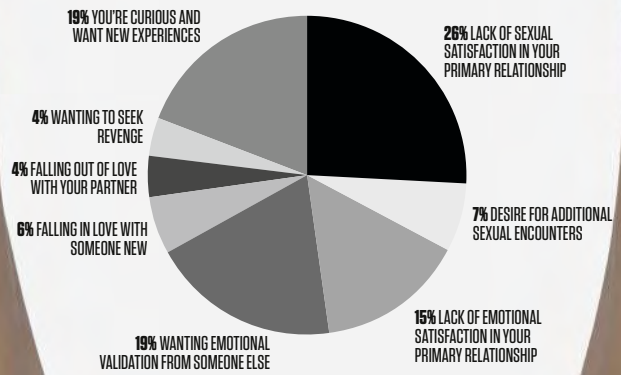
• The average guy sleeps with nine people in his lifetime, which, according to a recent poll, is about right. There is a theory called The Rule of 10 – the idea that if someone's slept with too *few* people, they'll be perceived as a fumbling sexual novice but too *many* partners means they'll be morally bankrupt and possibly riddled with all sorts of diseases.

LESS THAN HALF OF READERS CAN CATEGORICALLY SAY "I'VE NEVER CHEATED ON A PARTNER"

For shame. For *shame*.

THE 8 REASONS PEOPLE CHEAT

Why we mess about like goddamn, no-good scrubs, according to a study by psychologist Julia Omarzu



Photography: Diana Gomez | Styling: Hayley Forrester-Lawrence | Hair and Make Up: Susanna Mota | Models: Nadia at Leni's and Domenico at MDT | Clothing: Lingerie by Maison Close from naughtyknickers.co.uk, Shoes from River Island island.com, Trousers, shoes and socks from Top Man, topman.com



31%

OF READERS SAY THEY ARE UNCOMFORTABLE BEING TOTALLY NAKED IN FRONT OF SOMEONE

• It's how Him Upstairs intended us to be, right? Still, research at the University of the West of England found in 2012 that 38% of men would sacrifice at least a year of their life in exchange for a perfect body while 63% said they were paranoid that their arms or chests weren't muscly enough. Another survey last year found a quarter of men aged between 20 and 30 are so self-conscious about being in the nip that they prefer to have sex with the lights turned off.

MORE THAN FOUR-FIFTHS OF YOU TRIM YOUR PRIVATES

Experts suggest that to maintain a ship-shape schlong, the average man should tend to his foliage every 12-14 days

WHY IT'S GOOD TO BE NUDE

Andrew Welch, 49, is commercial manager of British Naturism

• "When I tell people I'm a naturist, they giggle. In the UK, more than any other Western European country, there is embarrassment about the body. We're bombarded with images that tell us what is beautiful but the truth is, we're all beautiful. You don't have to live in a box just because your abs aren't as chiselled as David Beckham's.

"And when it comes to the human body, there is no such thing as normal. We are all different. In a naturist environment you will see tall, short, fat and thin people, big breasts and small penises. Nobody's judging each other out and nobody's embarrassed.

"Nudity does not have to always imply sex. Even when we have our pounding discos at our events (something everyone should try!) there are lots of bits jiggling around and it's absolutely fantastic – not in a sexual way; a liberating one.

"Even the Queen and the Pope are naked under their clothes. It's how we're meant to be. So try it. And who knows? It may change your life." *bn.org.uk*

42%

MEN'S GREATEST FEAR IS NOT BEING ABLE TO ACHIEVE THEIR DREAMS

• Forget the black-clad bogeymen of ISIS and the fiscal minefield of being able to afford a house and a family – what really scares us men is not being able to tick a load of stuff off our bucket lists.



WHAT'S IT LIKE BEING ABLE TO ACHIEVE YOUR DREAMS?

In 2009, Ben Southall, then 34, from Petersfield, Hampshire, beat nearly 35,000 applicants to win a 'dream job' as caretaker of Hamilton Island on the Great Barrier Reef

• "Waking up every day looking across the Coral Sea from up high in my $3.5 million villa was an incredible pleasure and I'd often have to pinch myself to confirm it was for real. In six months I visited over 60 different islands, dived at over 100 locations on the Great Barrier Reef, flew helicopters and met Hollywood's glitterati on the red carpet in LA.

"But paradise has its downsides. In the final week of my job, I was stung by a tiny, deadly jellyfish called an Irukandji and spent the next eight hours in hospital on a cocktails of drugs while I vomited, sweated and writhed in pain.

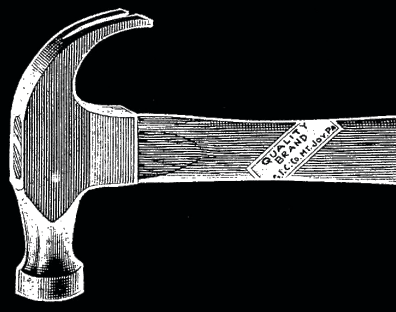
"I think if you live the lifestyle you dream of, you're as close as you can get to true happiness. We have one chance on Planet Earth so using every opportunity that comes my way is an important part of it.

"Fulfilling your dreams is one way to achieve happiness but it should exist inside you long before you strive to make them happen. Succeeding with my day-to-day goal of being happy with friends and family gives me the strength and confidence to go out into the world ready to take on the bigger challenges and accomplish my dreams in life." **FHM**

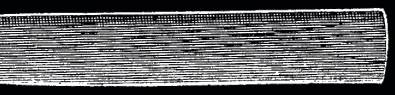
Follow Ben's Best Life in the World expedition – an overland journey from Singapore to London – bestlifeintheworld.com

WHAT'S YOUR THING?

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GARDENER / BAKER / DIY SUPREMO / GAMER / FASHIONISTA /
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= THE HOW T



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=

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HOWTO@FHM.COM

Regretfully, we can only reply to successful applicants

Welcome TO THE LUCKIEST SHOP on EARTH

How did one woman in Texas win the lottery not once, not twice, not thrice, but four times?

Words NATHANIEL RICH



SHOP OWNER SUN BAE IN
TIMES MARKET, BISHOP, TEXAS

THE news on 2 July 2010 – much like the news of the preceding 18 months – was dreadful. The unemployment rate was approaching 10% and home sales were declining at a record rate. But on the bottom of the front page of the *Corpus Christi Caller-Times* local section, there was an article with happier news: 'Bishop native wins millions for fourth time'. A 63-year-old woman named Joan R Ginther had won $10 million, the top prize in the Texas Lottery's Extreme Payout scratchcard game.

Ginther's cumulative winnings now totalled $20.4 million. Three of her golden tickets had been purchased in Bishop, Texas, a small, poor town two hours north of the Mexican border. The fourth ticket was bought in neighbouring Kingsville. "She's obviously been born under a lucky star," said a Texas Lottery Commission spokesman, who said they did not suspect foul play. Ginther could not be reached for comment.

Ginther's story was syndicated by hundreds of newspapers worldwide, under headlines like 'Lottery queen' and 'Luckiest woman on Earth'. Websites devoted to the paranormal, the occult, and Christianity concluded that Ginther was a master of visualisation techniques; that the constellations had been in perfect alignment; that the woman must have prayed really hard.

A four-time lottery winner did seem unlikely, but how unlikely was it really? Mathematicians were consulted. They found the odds of such a thing occurring were one in eighteen septillion. Eighteen septillion looks like this:18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.

There are one septillion stars in the universe, and one septillion grains of sand on Earth. With one-in-eighteen-septillion odds, it can be expected that a person should have Ginther's good luck about once every quadrillion years. Since the sun will envelop our planet in just five billion years, it is unlikely that another Earthling will repeat her success.

There were some other peculiar details about Ginther. Her first winning ticket came in 1993, but the last three came more than a decade later, in two-year intervals. Ginther also does not live in Texas. Though she was born in Bishop, she has lived in Las Vegas for many years. Finally, before retiring, she had been a maths professor, with a PhD from Stanford. She specialised in statistics.

Ginther was called a 'mystery woman' but it was left at that. Other stories soon claimed the public's attention. On 23 July 2010, a black bear in Larkspur, Colorado, broke into a Toyota Corolla, sat in the driver's seat, defecated, honked the horn, then drove the car 125ft until it crashed into a thicket. The Luckiest Woman on Earth was old news. Americans moved on.

But not all of us. I found myself trying to visualise 18 Earths-worth of sand and 18 universes of stars.

I called a statistics professor who said, from a statistical standpoint, it was likely that some sort of fraud had been perpetrated. A professor at the Institute for the Study of Gambling & Commercial Gaming at the University of Nevada, Reno, said, "When something like this unlikely happens in a casino, you arrest them first and ask questions later."

I drove to South Texas the next morning. I spoke with dozens of people in Bishop and in neighbouring towns. I later interviewed every lottery expert that I could find in the state: former lottery employees, mathematicians, and a woman in the Dallas suburbs who has devoted more than 20 years of her life to studying the Texas Lottery. I learned that there are only three possible explanations for what happened in Bishop. All three are exceedingly unlikely. There are limits even to miracles.

1. The INSIDE JOB

Of all forms of lottery games, scratchcards are the most vulnerable to fraud. The most common example is the Retailer Scam. One made headlines in 2011 when a customer tried to redeem a $10,000 scratchcard at a Baltimore liquor store. The clerk, Melissa Stone, told the customer that the ticket was not a winner. The next day, Stone tried to collect the money herself at the lottery headquarters, only to be arrested for grand theft. The customer had been an undercover cop.

Far more devastating to a lottery is an individual who leaks inside information. If a person wanted to scam the Texas Lottery, she would likely have to know a highly placed employee at GTECH Holdings – the company that serves as the lottery's distributor. This employee would need to have access not just to the encrypted files which list the winning scratchcards, but also the shipping schedules. In Ginther's case, she would have to wait until a winning ticket was slated to show up in Bishop – it would look too suspicious for her to travel around the state's 17,000 vendors, cherry-picking jackpots.

The possibility would remain, however, that a townsperson might buy the winning ticket before Ginther was able to get to Bishop. To ensure that this didn't happen, a third person would have to be enlisted as an accomplice: the store owner. The store owner would refuse to sell the packs that included the winning ticket. When Ginther arrived, she would buy every available ticket from the store owner.

The owner of the Times Market in Bishop, where Joan Ginther frequently buys her tickets, is called Sun Bae. When asked about Ginther, Bae told a journalist, "She is a very generous woman. She's helped so many people."

Bae is one of these people. She has seen a significant increase in business since Ginther purchased two of her winning tickets at the Times Market. Bae's store had become one of the top retailers in the county. Lottery tickets are now the town's best-known commodity.

Bishop is very poor, and it is dying. There is no grocery store, one high school and two bars. Young people leave as soon as they finish high school. The Main Street is desolate, a two-block stretch of boarded-up brick buildings with faded signs, and houses in the town burn down with unsettling regularity. Now that the old downtown businesses – Murphy's grocery store, the Bishop Drug Company, and El Nuevo Mundo clothing store – are gone, the people of Bishop congregate mainly at the gas stations.

From the outside, Times Market doesn't appear particularly prosperous. The 'e' in 'market' has fallen off the marquee. Stray cats wander through the parking lot. The front window is decorated with a large poster from the Texas Lottery: 'Winning ticket sold here!'

"This is the luckiest store," says Bob Solis, a cheerful employee on his forties with a squinty smile. He has worked at Times Market since Bae opened the store several years ago and believes it is charmed. "Every day we have a winner."

Bae is not around, but Solis speaks highly of her. "She's the best boss I've ever had." When asked whether he had ever met



Ginther he hesitates, his eyes looking out to the parking lot. He acknowledges that he had seen her a couple of times, but the only person she speaks to is Bae. Whenever Ginther comes in, he says, all the customers in the store gather around her, quietly watching to see which tickets she buys.

Bae is an extraordinarily slender middle-aged Korean woman with a fluttery, anxious quality to her movements. She seems alarmed when we finally do meet, backing down the aisles of the store as if seeking cover behind the racks of snack mix and canned spaghetti sauce. Her responses are evasive and hard to interpret.

She glares at us when we say she has a lucky store. "We already talked everything," she says. "Why you need something more? I don't want to talk." She vanishes into a back room.

"She must have something on her mind," says Solis, shrugging.

Almost everyone in Bishop has a story about Ginther's generosity. Ginther hands out lottery tickets to strangers. She visits the home for seniors and gives tickets to the patients and the nurses. She sends tickets to soldiers in Iraq. She tips gas station clerks $50 when she buys tickets. She pays people to scratch tickets for her. Ginther saw a woman leaving a car dealership in Kingsville in tears; the woman's credit check hadn't gone through.

"Let's go back in," said Ginther. She asked the dealer what was wrong.

"Credit's no good," said the dealer.

"Give her the keys," said Ginther. "I'll pay for it."

Several people in the town mention that Ginther had been around quite recently. Local man Ricardo Lopez says she was in Bishop just a week ago. He says that

▲ "Joan R Ginther purchased two of her winning scratchcards at Times Market, Bishop. It doesn't appear particularly prosperous. The 'e' in 'market' has fallen off the marquee. Stray cats wander the parking lot"

Ginther comes to Bishop twice a year and stays for about a month at the Days Inn. It is the only motel in town, just a couple of hundred yards away from the Times Market.

The next morning, we return to the store. Bob Solis is at the register. His smile quickly morphs into an uneasy, defensive glower. He refuses to make eye contact. We tell him that, contrary to what he had said the previous day, Ginther had apparently been to the Times Market just a week earlier. We've heard that she comes for a month at a time and spends her days at the Times Market.

"I've never seen her," says Solis. "She comes at night."

"Wait – now you're saying you've never even *seen* her?"

"I've never seen her."

II. THE Code CRACKER

Of all forms of lottery games, scratchcards leave the least to chance. Winning cards are not, in fact, distributed randomly. If they were, that would leave open the possibility that all the jackpots might appear in the very first batch of cards shipped to stores. The winning cards might all be claimed within a week. The Lottery would be out millions in prize money without having sold nearly enough tickets to cover the payouts.

To avoid this scenario, the Texas Lottery divides its print run into six batches, or pools, with each pool of half a million cards containing the same number of jackpots. When a game goes on sale, the first pool is shipped off to stores. Successive pools aren't released until the preceding one is close to selling out. This system guarantees that the lottery never loses.

Joan (pronounced 'Jo-Ann') Rae Ginther was born on a Tuesday in 1947, April Fools' Day. Her father, who died

in 2007, was for 30 years Bishop's town doctor, a hero in the community. She attended college at the University of Texas at Austin, where she majored in mathematics. After graduating in 1969, she was admitted to Stanford's School of Education. At the time, Stanford's mathematics education program was the best in the country, if not the world.

After graduation, Ginther joined the faculty of a new community college, Evergreen Valley, in San Jose. She worked there in the '80s, continuing her research into mathematics education. She co-wrote a pre-algebra textbook in 1986. No one in Bishop knows what she was doing between then and 2006, when she won her first jackpot.

The algorithms used by lottery commissions to determine the placement of jackpot scratchcards are called pseudorandom number generators. The 'pseudo' derives from the fact that true randomness is not something that can be achieved by computers. The algorithm works by issuing a series of seemingly random numbers in a predictable sequence. The series might be very long, but it's not infinite. As Gerald Busald, a professor of mathematics at San Antonio College, explains, "If you can get into the sequence, the numbers are not random anymore. There's no way to get around it that I know of."

Busald's point was proved in 1995 by Ronald Harris, an electrical engineer for the Nevada State Gaming Control Board. Harris studied a random-number generator that casinos used to supply numbers for Keno, a computerised game of chance that is similar to lotto. He and a friend flew to New Jersey and checked into Bally's Park Place Hotel, where the same software was being used. The friend went to the Keno lounge; Harris sat in the hotel room watching a closed-circuit TV channel on which hotel guests could see the Keno numbers as they were drawn. As the numbers appeared, Harris punched them into his laptop. Once he figured out where in the sequence the number generator was, he told his friend what numbers to bet on. The friend won $100,000, the largest Keno jackpot ever awarded in Atlantic City.

As a result, most traditional lotteries still use the old-school system of ping-pong balls being drawn out of an air-fix machine. Scratchcards, however, have always been generated by computers.

To beat the lottery's algorithm, one would have to use a strategy similar to the one employed by card counters in casinos. An expert counter cannot predict what cards he will draw, but he does know when the odds for being dealt a good hand are higher. If the odds are favourable, he increases his bets. Ginther would have had to analyse the results of all the previous high-stakes scratchcard games to determine where in the sequence of tickets the jackpots usually appeared. She could easily have gathered this information from the website of Dawn Nettles, a woman in her sixties who has been obsessively monitoring the Texas Lottery since 1993.

But it would take more than figuring out *when* the winning ticket was going to come up. She would also have to determine *where* that ticket would be shipped. This part of the equation is more straightforward. GTECH Holdings processes its shipments in the same sequence for every order. If you knew how the winners were distributed within a given pool, and matched that to where those tickets wound up, you could figure out GTECH Holdings' normal shipping order, and where the winners would be distributed around the state.

Once she discovered a pattern, Ginther would have had to wait until a winning ticket was scheduled to show up in a sparsely populated region – the less competition for that winning ticket, the better. It would be crucial to pick a place that she had reason to visit, such as Bishop and the surrounding towns. It would also be helpful if the store owner held the tickets for her.




Today is the last day for early voting for the April 11 primary runoff. Map, 28

LOCAL

Woman wins millions second time in lottery

NEW PORT OF CALL

MAN DIES WHEN SUV HITS HIM

"Nobody in Bishop believes Ginther is anything other than outrageously fortunate. Scepticism is considered sacrilege to the benefits of positive thinking. 'She was a churchgoing woman,' they say, over and over"

III. DUMB LUCK

Of all forms of lottery games, scratchcards are by far the most popular. According to a study commissioned by the Lottery in 2006, the more education a person has, the fewer dollars he or she spends on the lottery, and the demographic differences are even starker when it comes to scratchcard games. "Scratch-off tickets are to the lottery what crack is to cocaine," said a Democratic state senator from El Paso when $50 cards were introduced.

It may be true that a person who plays the lottery four times in her life has one-in-eighteen-septillion odds of winning four high-stakes jackpots. But once a person plays more than four times, her odds begin to increase. The majority of lottery winners continue to play the lottery after their first win, and play heavily. Even then, it still seems outlandish that someone could win four jackpots, but there is a persistent rumour in Bishop that Ginther hasn't won four jackpots – she's won three.

"Her dad – he's the one who won the lotto," says Ricardo Lopez, referring to her first jackpot in 1993. It was a pick-six, her only non-scratchcard winner. "But he was elderly, retired, and he couldn't spend it. So he gave the ticket to his daughter and she claimed it. She wasn't into buying tickets then."

"She was in the Virgin Islands on vacation," agrees a local woman called Pia. "Her parents called her about the ticket and she came back to claim it."

People in Bishop estimate that Ginther buys about 3,000 tickets a year. If she has been buying tickets at that rate since 1993, when her father won the lottery, she's bought more than 50,000 tickets. If she indeed

has purchased 50,000 tickets over a 17-year period, between 1993 and 2010, when she won her last jackpot (at a cost of approximately $1 million), the odds of her winning three times is one in 8,000.

This scenario would still make Ginther the luckiest gambler in the world – and one of the most reckless at that. If she had instead bet that $1 million on the roulette wheel, both her odds of winning (37 to 1) and her payout ($35 million rather than $20.4 million) would have been significantly better. It would also mean that, as soon as her father won his jackpot, she forgot everything she knew about statistics and started sinking vast sums into the lottery. Which all seems pretty unlikely.

"I think she's addicted," says Dawn Nettles, the woman who monitors the Texas Lottery. "She moved to the gambling capital of the world. I bet she spends all her time in casinos. I'll bet you she will eventually be broke to where she can't buy them. I'll bet you she loses it all."

Almost nobody in Bishop believed that Ginther is anything other than outrageously fortunate. Scepticism on this subject is considered sacrilege. Ginther's success confirmed the common belief in the benefits of positive thinking. The locals propose various theories to support their conviction: Ginther was a churchgoing woman, they say, over and over. She gave money to the needy. She was a good daughter. Her success was a form of cosmic compensation for her father's lifelong devotion to Bishop's sick and elderly.

The implication of this line of argument was clear: without the belief that a life could be transformed by a single stroke of luck, there would be nothing left to hope for. And Bishop is full of people who are waiting for their luck to change.

Before we leave Bishop, we make a stop at the City Office, where we meet Anna-Linda Morales, the woman who many people in town describe as Ginther's best friend. When we ask her whether Ginther had visited Bishop recently, Morales demurs. Then I ask whether Ginther is in fact in Bishop at that very moment.

"No," says Morales, then she catches herself. "I'm not saying." It occurs to us that Ginther might that minute be holed up at the Days Inn, waiting for the nosy reporter to leave town.

Morales refuses to speak any further about her friend, but she and another woman in her office, Cynthia, do talk to us at length about Bishop. In May 2010, the town celebrated its centennial. In the office, there was a display case containing a 1960 newspaper article about a local boy who had become a famous athlete.

"There were a lot more people in Bishop back then," says Cynthia with a sigh. The sombre mood lifts, however, when we ask the two women whether they ever bought lottery tickets. We might as well have asked whether they ate food or took showers. They both burst into peels of laughter. When they realise that we're not trying to make a joke, they go quiet.

"Well, doesn't everybody buy lottery tickets?" asks Cynthia, confused.

"Everybody buys tickets," says Morales, reassuring me. "Everybody." FHM

PHOTOGRAPHY: PA

LUCK of the DRAW

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MAX PRIZE: £100,000
Odds of winning 1 in 2,118,760

SCRATCHCARD
MAX PRIZE: £4,000,000
Odds of winning 1 in 4,313,355

THUNDERBALL
MAX PRIZE: £500,000
Odds of winning 1 in 8,060,598

NATIONAL LOTTERY
MAX PRIZE: £12,500,00 (Average)
Odds of winning 1 in 8,060,598

READER'S DIGEST SWEEPSTAKES
MAX PRIZE: £250,000
Odds of winning 1 in 17,000,000

EUROMILLIONS
MAX PRIZE: £24,000,000
Odds of winning 1 in 116,531,800

*Calculated down from £2 million and how many residences exist within the postcode


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It takes five hours to hand-make every racket

SPORTSWEAR

LACOSTE'S ALL WHITE

When you think of Lacoste, you think of that baby-blue and navy striped hoody you wore solidly throughout year nine of secondary school to try and fit in with the 'hard' lads. But what you should really think of is tennis legends sporting crisp whites. And more importantly, tennis heavyweight René Lacoste, who repped one hell of a Lacoste blazer back in the day. Founded in 1933 by the suave Frenchman, this household brand has been going strong for 82 years, and this summer sees the release of the LT12 collection. Going back to what the brand does best and adding some 2015 cool to classic styles, the whiter-than-white collection even includes a mega slick tennis racket. *Bag, £175; racket, £415; sunglasses, £105; trainers, £75; watch, £135, all lacoste.com*



Pair up this polo/ jacket combo for everyday edge

UPGRADE

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Known for sharp tailoring and smart cuts, Sand has switched up its game for Spring/ Summer, stripped away the stiffness and added some everyday edge. The Harrington jacket is made up of structured weaved cotton and the houndstooth print on the polo shirt is a winner for the weekend match down the pub. *Jacket, £269; polo, £89, both Sand, 02077 941775*

BOOKS

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GROOMING

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Man essentials delivered direct to your doorstep

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

"I NEED YOUR CLOTHES, YOUR BOOTS AND YOUR MOTORCYCLE"

SCREAMING HARLEYS, DENIM, LEATHER AND SOME SERIOUS STYLE ICONS. THIS IS BIKER INSPIRATION WE CAN RIDE WITH...

Photography: **Glen Burrows**
Styling: **Daisy Deane**
Grooming: **Laura Dexter**
Bikes: **Harley Davidson**



We used a bunch of bikes from Harley Davidson's 'Custom King' competition – this one's from their Leed's store

JACKET, £249, BARBOUR.COM
JUMPER, £65, FRENCHCONNECTION.COM
JEANS, £19.99, BLUEINC.CO.UK
SHOES, £259, OLIVERSWEENY.COM

A timeless classic like a waxed jacket is always on point. Pair with a thin grey knit for a comfy, kick-ass vibe

BIKE ICON



EWAN McGREGOR
This guy travelled from London to NYC on his motorbike with best buddy Charley Boorman. That's a pretty impressive 19,000-mile trip. Even for a Jedi.

THE TERMINATOR: ORION STUDIO, GALE ANNEHURD, JAMES CAMERON



JACKET, £500, MONARCH-MILWAUKEE.COM
T-SHIRT, £8, RIVERISLAND.COM
BIKE FROM SYCAMORE HARLEY SHOP
SUNGLASSES, £113, RAY-BAN AT SUNGLASSES-SHOP.CO.UK

Invest in a flight jacket with a shearling collar, embroidered badges and a 'convict' orange lining if you feel like going full *Top Gun*

BIKE ICON

TOM CRUISE

Yes, Tom's done some weird stuff in his time. But he's also ridden off into the sunset on a Kawasaki GPZ900R, while *Take My Breath Away* played in the background.

STEVE McQUEEN
The King of Cool is an untouchable style titan. He even did is own stunts in *The Great Escape*. His affection for Triumph Scramblers made the brand a huge hit in the 1960s.

BIKE ICON

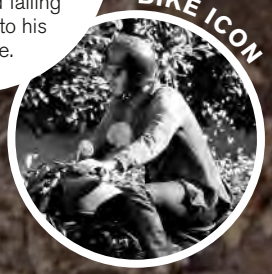


JUMPER, £44.99, SUPERDRY.COM
CHINOS, £34, TOPMAN.COM
SHOES, £125, DUNELONDON.COM
BIKE FROM THE CHELTENHAM H-D BIKE SHED

Smart garms work on motorcycles, too. Just make sure your chinos have some give and you've worn in your brogues

DAVID BECKHAM
He's the face of biker clothing brand Belstaff, owns a load of vintage cycles and is occasionally photographed falling off them on to his arse. Ace.

BIKE ICON

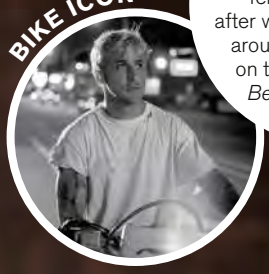


Throw on a lumberjack shirt with indigo jeans and Red Wings and you've got yourself a hipster-approved Sunday beer garden look



SHIRT, £45, DICKIES AT ASOS.COM
JEANS, £100, LEVI.COM
SUNGLASSES, £108, RAY-BAN AT SUNGLASSES-SHOP.CO.UK
SHOES, £229, REDWING AT OFFICE.COM
BIKE FROM MAIDSTONE HARLEY DAVIDSON CHAIN

BIKE ICON



RYAN GOSLING
The absolutely stunning Eva Mendes fell for the Gozzer after watching him pootle around on two wheels on the set of *A Place Beyond The Pines*.

Camo cargo pants are a style statement worth making. Wear with plain black boots for a less in-your-face look.

T-SHIRT, £8, TOPMAN.COM
TROUSERS, £180, A BATHING APE AT SELFRIDGES.COM
SHOES, £105, DRMARTENS.COM
BIKE FROM THE EDINBURGH HARLEY EMPORIUM

Who doesn't look good in a quality lapelled leather biker jacket? Maybe your aunt. But apart from that, no-one. Wear one over a polo shirt, smart suit trousers and Chelsea boots and you can rock this look in the office too.

JACKET, £749, LEWISLEATHERS.COM
POLO, £40, FARAH AT URBANOUTFITTERS.COM
TROUSERS, £35, RIVERISLAND.COM
BIKE FROM THE LAKESIDE HARLEY DAVIDSON BOUTIQUE

BIKE ICON



JAMES DEAN

The original, no-shit-giving, heart-breaking rebel had a thing for motorbikes. He rode one from the age of 15 and lost a few teeth to the tarmac in his time.

THE DILEMMAS OF MAN

CAN I LOOK GOOD ON RAINY DAYS?

Don't stick out like a sore, wet thumb. Throw on the right threads to combat spring showers in style



LEAVE YOUR HAT ON

Hats are the must-have style accessory for spring. They won't keep you dry like a brolly, but they are damn cool.

LEAVE THE WOOLLY BE

Avoid wet-dog-smelling knitwear – lightweight layering is perfect spring getup and on trend to boot.

SAY NO TO SHINY JACKETS

Put the shiny rain mac that makes you look like a schoolboy down. The high street is bursting with stylish Scandinavian fishermen-inspired weatherproof jackets that look good and keep you dry.

BOOT UP, LOOK SHARP

Downpours don't call for postbox-red wellingtons, Paddington Bear-style, or canvas trainers. Well-made leather boots like Red Wings suffice – the crep-tread soles and 6in height will keep you bone dry.

TURN IT UP

Pair your Red Wings with some slim-fit (not skinny) denim and roll up, once for beginners, twice for the more style-forward.

Hat, £18, americanapparel.co.uk; jacket, £80, burton.com; sweatshirt, £45, jam-industries.co.uk; jeans, £125, bethnals.com; boots, £229, redwingheritage.eu

THE BASIC ESSENTIALS ON HOW TO CONQUER THE RAIN

FACE-SHIELDING FIVE PANELS

Do: Experiment with print, slogans and materials. Mix it up for extra style cred.
Don't: Wear it backwards. It usually looks cool, just not when your face is dripping wet (or if you're over 30).

£25, VANS.CO.UK; £14, TOPMAN.COM; £25, PENFIELD.COM; £24.99, EU.ELEMENTBRAND.COM











LIGHTWEIGHT LIFE SAVER

Do: Choose a nautical-looking jacket with plenty of pockets and buttons.
Don't: Go without on a night out to save yourself £1 paying for the cloakroom. Leaving the pub in the pissing rain without protection is not a strong look.

£105, PENFIELD.COM; £120, FAT MOOSE AT ASOS.COM; £110, RUSSELL ATHLTIC AT SIZE.CO.UK; £125, WEEKENDOFFENDER.COM

WATER-REPELLENT WONDERS

Do: Lather your fresh creps in this stuff. Treat your shoes with these solutions and the water will literally roll off them.
Don't: Coat water-ruined kicks in product once the damage is done. It will only make them worse.

£5, CHERRYBLOSSOM.CO.UK; £27.97, JASON MARKK AT URBANINDUSTRY.CO.UK; £19.95, CREP PROTECT AT URBANINDUSTRY.CO.UK



PUDDLE-STOMPING KICKS

Do: Invest in splash-proof shoes. Your plimsolls won't withstand the wet.
Don't: Just save them for rainy days. The beauty of these classics is they go with your standard daily outfit but will keep your tootsies in top nick.



£110, North Face at schuh.co.uk



£100, Nike at jdsports.co.uk



£79, palladium boots.co.uk



£99.95, Gourmet at urbanindustry.co.uk

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR. STYLING: CARLOTTA CONSTANT

TRAINERS

HIGH SPECK

It's the trainer trend sending sneaker-heads into a frenzy: put some pep in your step and liven up your soles with some speckles





PHOTOGRAPHY: MAARCO COURTY, HAPHAPHOTO, OLIVIA VITTLER

PRODUCT

GET ANIMATED

Cartoon characters and tonnes of colour are the key to this year's most playful trend...



£70 *lazyoaf.com*



£15 *skinnydip.com*



£18 *asos.com*



£215 *Iceberg at selfridges.com*



BEST FOR: SUNDAY LUNCH CHILLIN'

POA *Bobby Abely at selfridges.com*



£11.99 *Huf at routeone.co.uk*



5 UNLIKELY CARTOON STYLE-HEROES



MARIO
Rocking a logo cap since way back, pair your denim with Timberlands.



PORKY PIG
A royal-blue blazer and ruby red bow tie makes for one smart piggy.



WHERE'S WALLY
Stripes are a fashion classic. Wear a red and white tee with jeans.



CHUCKIE
A logo tee with cargo shorts and skate shoes. Just add a five-panel.



HEY ARNOLD
Arnold may have a football head but he rocks the grunge trend like no other.

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR. ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY: ALAMY, REX, SHUTTERSTOCK

OUT WITH THE OLD, IN WITH THE NEW

Give your grooming bag a spring clean and make sure it's filled with the best of the best essentials…



01. Keep a comb on you – spring is the season of endless sweaty Instagrams at the park. *Comb, £4.99, Uppercut Deluxe at asos.com*

02. *Shower gel, £12, loccitane.com*

03. *Shave cream, £16.50, Malin + Goetz at liberty.co.uk*

04. Do your bit for Mother Nature with a biodegradable brush. *Toothbrush, £4.99, brshcollective.com*

05. *Shaver, £99.99, Philips at boots.com*

06. *Face scrub, £24, penhaligons.com*

07. *ChapStick, £1.15, chemistdirect.co.uk*

08. *Eye serum, £29, clarins.co.uk*

09. Scrub elbows and heals for silky smooth nobly bits. *Soap, £14, kiehls.co.uk*

10. Keeps your skin soft without feeling like you've plastered a pot of yogurt on your face. *Post-shave lotion, £33, aesop.com*

11. *Shave set, £180, murdocklondon.com*

12. *Aftershave, £50, Carven at selfridges.com*

13. Sort your straggly schnoz hairs out with Wahl's five attachments. *Nose Trimmer, £6.99, Wahl at boots.com*

14. *Hair clay, £2.13, Lynx at superdrug.com*

15. For spring, choose a face cream laden with humectant – molecules that naturally hydrate for 24 hours. *Hydrating cream, £8.99, Dove at superdrug.com*

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

PROMOTION

WHERE GIRLS GO TO PLAY

FHM DATING *SINGLE GIRLS*

There are currently thousands of amazing woman near you, looking for the exact same thing: love, no-strings fun and everything in-between.



Join now at FHM.com/singlegirls

upgrade

EDITED BY JORDAN WALLER

30 MANLY THINGS TO DO IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Make the most of the (unpredictable) British weather and turn yourself into a gnarly master of nature…

STILL-LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR



01 WEE AGAINST AN ANCIENT TREE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

● Since the beginning of time, men have been relinquishing their bladders on the mossy sides of great big trees, a single act that pulls together two of the most natural things in the world. Trees, and going to the loo. Do it on a high street and you're a yob. Do it in the middle of the night under the glow of a full moon though, and it's a primal taboo that propels you straight back to our days as bona fide hunter gatherers. Just be wary of the dreaded splashback if you're wearing shorts.

02 CASUALLY WHITTLE A BIG STICK WITH THIS KNIFE



Ankermesser 174M.L, £35, otter-messer.de

● At some point in every man's life, he should take it upon himself to own a really good knife. You want a blade to be proud of with untapped practical usage – not the know-it-all Boy Scout Swiss Army knife or the biro and razor blade shank – but a proper, rugged and impressive-looking blade. Even if you only ever use it to sharpen the end of a tree branch, it's a worthwhile tool to have. Check out the Otter-Messer anchor knife; the German craftsmith has been producing sharp bits of steel since 1840 and they're genuine handmade items of beauty.

03→06 SURF ON THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BEACHES IN THE UK



Fistral Beach
First in our Cornish list, with some of the most consistent waves in the UK, is Fistral Beach, a legitimate world-class surf spot. Make sure you get there early, though – on the best days the place can get pretty crowded.



Watergate Beach
You're surfing the same swell that you'll ride over on Fistral Beach only with the added bonus of being slightly further out of town. It's obviously slightly harder to reach but you'll be rewarded with a much quieter beach and incredible waves.



Crantock Beach
Just over the headland from Fistral, this is a beautiful beach that has the Gannel estuary flowing out into it, giving you a great right-hander if you wait for the correct stage of tide.



Mawgan Porth
This is a smaller surf spot that picks up plenty of swell, making it a great place to surf when everywhere else is coming in small just off low tide. It's got an incredible left-hander and a wedge peak that comes in from the right.

Matt Adams, Cornish surfboard maker and surf school owner. Visit adamssurfschool.co.uk

PHOTOGRAPHY:

07

CATCH A BIG ONE

Three tips to landing your own Moby Dick...

- Don't be a purist. Use live bait and match it with what the fish normally feed on.
- Try to go for the type of fish that may be spawning or hitting so you have more chance of getting a bite. It's also wise to go for fish that swim in groups (schools).
- Start with your bait deep in the water and work your way to the top in stages. Once you catch a fish, try to keep your bait at that depth and just move around until you find where they're hiding. If you aren't catching, move until you do.



08
GUT AND EAT YOUR FISH

Step 1
Hold the fish by its head and scrape the scales with a blunt knife. Strokes should be short and quick. Work around the fins.

Step 2
Cut away the head.

Step 3
Insert your knife into the anus near the tail and cut towards where the fish's head was to open it up like a butterfly.

Step 4
Spread the fish's abdominal cavity open with your fingers and cut away at the insides.

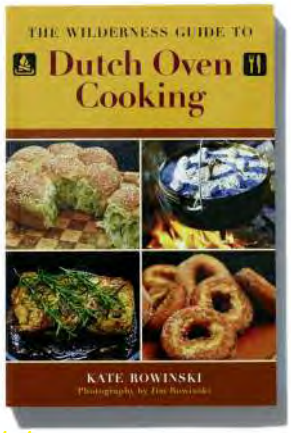
Step 5
Rinse and cook.

09 FIND A FOSSIL AT ROBIN HOOD'S BAY

A stone's throw away from the spot where Dracula supposedly turned up on British shores, Robin Hood's Yorkshire bay is practically an open-air museum when it comes to its stock of fossils. Full of everything from whale bones to the type of dino rocks more fitting of *Jurassic Park*.

10 DISCOVER SMUGGLER CAVES AT BAGGY POINT

A headland that separates Croyde Bay from Morte Bay in north Devon, Baggy Point is great for both a climbing or caving adventure, incorporating various sea caves with varying levels of accessibility depending on tide. At low tide, you can walk straight through the main cave on foot; at mid-tide, you can swim it. Avoid altogether when the water gets too high and choppy though, unless you want to end up as a local ghost story.
Check out h2outdoor.co.uk for a proper caving adventure



11 MAKE A CAMPFIRE AND COOK BEER-B-CUE PULLED PORK

Equipment:
- Campfire
- Dutch oven

Ingredients
- 3lbs pork tenderloin
- 1 medium onion, sliced into thin rings
- 1 bottled beer

Put the pork and onion into the Dutch oven and pour beer over the top. Bake at around 160°C for 2 hours or until pork can easily be shredded with a fork.

Stack high on a crusty roll with coleslaw and a squeeze of barbecue sauce. Eat and rub your stomach while releasing a satisfied sigh.

12 SWIM IN A GREAT BIG LAKE AND FIND A SECRET ISLAND

Coniston Water was the setting for Arthur Ransome's classic book *Swallows And Amazons*, with Peel Island being a direct inspiration for Wild Cat island in the book. You can swim right out to it and there's a natural harbour that'll get you on to the island itself (around a 30m swim). Once you get there, there's a secret cove surrounded by ancient trees and a carpet of soft pine needles, with a great ledge to jump and dive into the waters below.

13



GO CANOEING IN A REMOTE CREEK

If floating your canoe through the upper creeks of the Fal-Ruan nature reserve doesn't wake up your adventure bug, you need to seriously question your lust for life. Renowned as one of the most remote areas of tidal river in Cornwall, you'll be flanked either side with untouched woodland, punctuated by the type of bird song usually reserved for Disney films.

Photography: Lucy Blue, cornwallwildlifetrust.co.uk

14 SLEEP OUTSIDE FOR A WEEK (OR AT LEAST A WEEKEND)

We're not saying you need to go full-on Rambo on your local woods, but pack a tent and some basic supplies to wake up in nature. Get some serious quiet time by heading to Beddgelert, Snowdonia National Park, a woodland that holds up as the archetypal spiritual home of our bearded, outdoorsy forefathers. One of the few relatively un-modernised camping spots in the UK (the area is still serviced by steam train) and just a short hike from the zigzagging foothills of Snowdonia.

Andy Torbet, climber, diver and adventurer

15 ...AND ONLY PACK THE ESSENTIALS



Head torch

A good knife

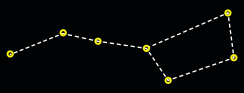
Rope

Water carrier

11. Recipe by Kate Rowinski. 12. Daniel Start, author of the Wild Guide and Wild Swimming

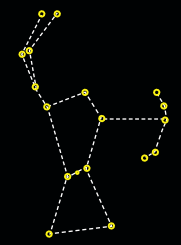
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POINT OUT THESE CONSTELLATIONS TO A HOT GIRL



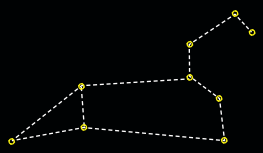
All year round
The plough

The most recognisable set of stars in the sky, it's made up of seven stars, although technically it wouldn't really be classed as a constellation. It's actually part of the Great Bear, which is a great bit of knowledge to share. There are two bright stars that stand out known as the pointers. If you follow their line, it'll direct you to the North Star which will always point you towards true north.



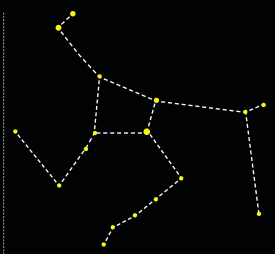
Winter
Orion

Probably the most dramatic and beautiful constellation out there, it makes up the shape of a giant hunter with a big club and shield. Spot it by looking for the three stars that make up Orion's Belt. If you follow the line of the belt towards the right, it'll take you to a cluster of stars called the Pleiades, which is really beautiful and great to point out to a lady friend.



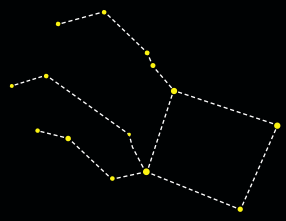
Spring
Leo the lion

Instantly recognisable as one of the signs of the zodiac and the sun's passage through the sky. It represents the almost invincible mayan lion that was killed by Hercules. According to legend, the only way he could kill it was by strangulation because it's skin was too thick to use a spear. Look for the backwards question mark shape that makes up it's head and mane. Sometimes this is also called the Sickle.



Summer
Hercules

One of the trickier ones to spot is Hercules. It's made up of a central square called the Keystone, which helps you pick it out. The Summer Triangle is also great to spot at this time. It's a giant pattern made of three incredibly bright stars that overlaps three other big constellations. If you can see it, summer's here.



Autumn
Pegasus

According to Disney, this is Hercules's winged horse. In myth, it was the companion of Perseus, the main guy from the Clash of the Titans, a great fact to say as you point it out. It's a big square of stars as a base where you can pick out the head of the horse, the full constellation actually only picks out half of the animal.

Astronomer Tom Kerss, Royal Observatory, Greenwich

17 DRINK A NATURE INFUSED WHISKY SMASH



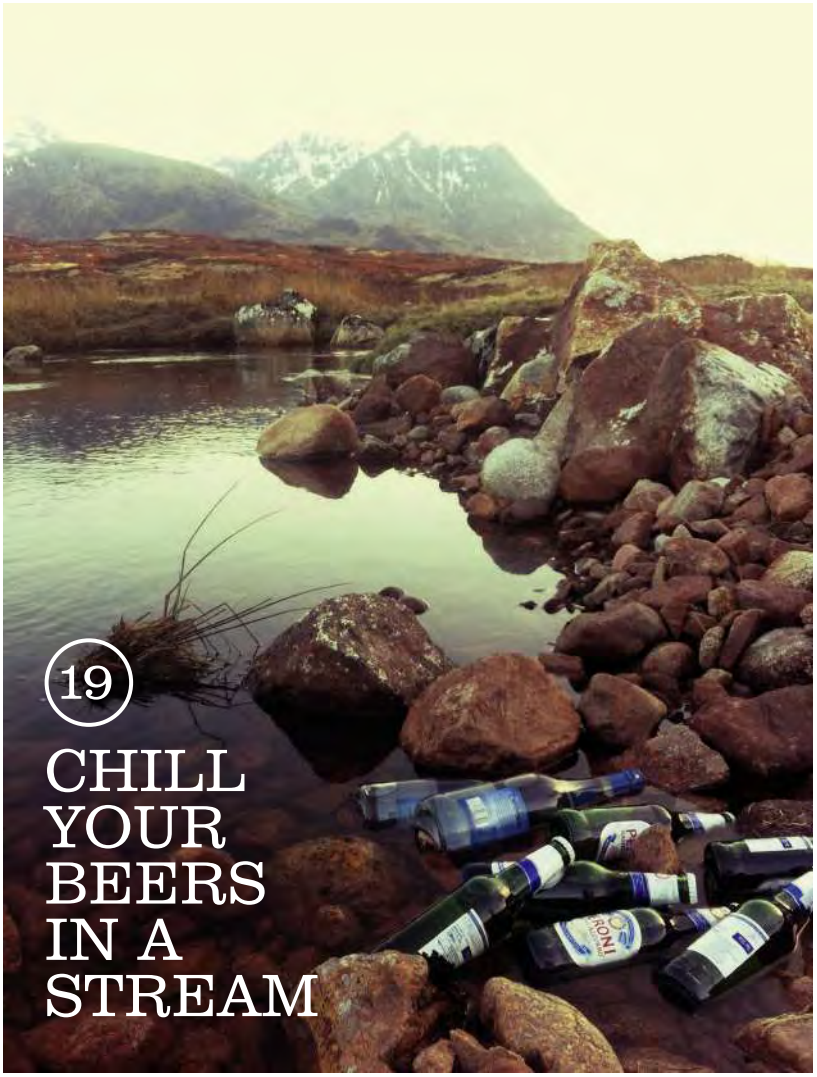
• Grab a jar, top it up with whisky and a drop of water, toss in some mint and a little brown sugar and give it a stir and mash. As an optional sour twist, throw in a piece of lemon.

Huf Nug Mug, £13.95, chopperskate.com



18 STAND IN THIS SPOT AND JUST TAKE IT ALL IN

• "The Cuillin Ridge is, for me, the most spectacular mountain vista in the UK. On a clear day it stretches like a dragon's back across Skye. I once crossed the full ridge ropeless and on my own in one day. Doing the full ridge is difficult but climb one of the mountains and you'll be repaid with life-changing views."
Andy Torbet



19 CHILL YOUR BEERS IN A STREAM

20 LEARN HOW TO MAKE A COMPASS LIKE RAMBO*

Step 1
Place a stick upright in the ground so you can see its shadow. Mark the tip of the shadow with a small object, such as a stone.

Step 2
Wait 10-15 minutes. The shadow tip will slowly move from west to east in a curved line. Mark the new position of the shadow's tip with another small stone.

Step 3
Draw a straight line in the ground between the two marks. This is an approximate east-west line.

Step 4
Stand with the first mark (west) on your left, and the other (east) on your right. You are now facing true north.



**or just use one of these*

21 GET A PAIR OF BOOTS THAT WILL TAKE YOU ANYWHERE

● No explorer ever looked at his feet and saw his face reflected in his boots. Your footwear should carry the scars of your adventures and stave off trench foot. Invest in longevity.



22 ROLL DOWN A FAMOUS HILL

● Summon your inner child by rolling down a great big hill at speeds that defy modern health and safety regulations. For ultimate nostalgia points, go for Hope Valley in Castleton, the iconic setting of the famous roll from *Princess Bride*. Assume the position and let gravity take hold as you scream, "Aaaas you wiiissh" at the top of your lungs. *FHM* takes no responsibility for any broken bones, bruises or scrapes.

23 TAKE A HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE AND SEE THE BEST SUNSET

● Zennor Quoit in far west Cornwall is an incredible bronze-age burial chamber that's high up on a cliff overlooking the sea, pointing right out towards America. The ancient stone chamber itself dates back to about 2000 BC and is one of the eight that still remain on the west Penwith moors. The Zennor Quoit itself was said to have mystical powers. If you look out towards the sea as the sun goes down you'll see one of the best sunsets in the UK. When the sky is really clear, you get a green flash as the sun sinks into the sky. There's a strange optical effect where everything turns blue and green.

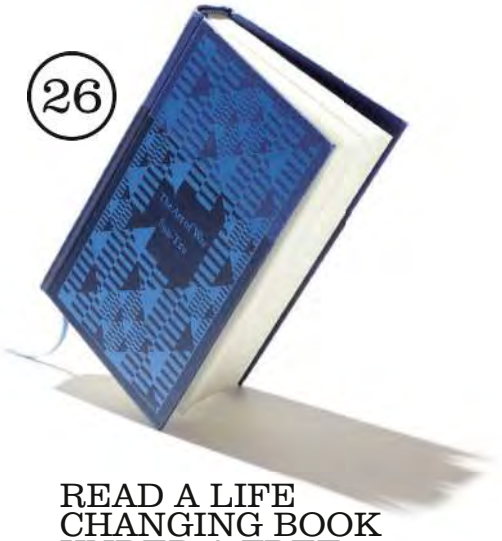
David Start



WWW.ANTURSTINIOG.COM HELEN M CATEER

24 RIDE A BIKE HERE

If the most excitement you get on two wheels these days is dodging the number 24 bus on your way to work, you need to get back to basics on a serious mountain trail. The Antur Stiniog mountain bike trail has plenty of adrenaline-pumpin' downhill trails to keep everyone from Danny MacAskill to a manchild on a tricycle.



26 READ A LIFE CHANGING BOOK UNDER A TREE

One of the greatest gifts we can take from an adventure in the great outdoors is time; the opportunity to clear our minds and return to the hustle and bustle with a new approach to life's battles. Grab yourself the kind of book that's impossible to digest on a train journey or at home on the sofa. We recommend the ancient military tactic book, *The Art Of War* by Sun Tzu, a text that offers guidance on how to fight wars without actually having to do a battle. It carries a philosophy every bit as relevant for everyday life as it is for storming enemy forts.

25 TAKE AN INCREDIBLE PICTURE WITH THIS CAMERA

Don't just point and click
Always know why you're taking a picture in the first place. What was it that impressed you about the leafy forest you're walking through? Choose a subject for each picture and focus on that. It'll make the final product a lot more striking.

Follow the light
Before you start snapping, take a look at the lighting. If your subject is backlit, they'll look darker in pictures. Are there interesting shadows you can play with? Where is the light not falling? Experiment with what you have.

Lay off the zoom
If you're working with a digital zoom instead of a lens then try and ignore it. A digital zoom simply enlarges your picture which kills picture quality. If you're using a lens always zoom first and then focus.



Fujifilm X-E2, £739.97, amazon.co.uk

27

TELL A PROPER GHOST STORY

– Hand of Glory –

By Si Cunningham

I can recite the shitty email off by heart, even though it's knocking on for six years ago. "A bloke in Settle reckons he's got a cursed hand. Good human interest story? One for you, mate."

I was a junior reporter on a local rag – the *Nidderdale Echo* – and got all the local cranks. Sid Pickard got court reporting and council cover-ups; I got nutters with crystal balls. 'Human interest' stories.

I drove up to his tatty bungalow alone and sighed as I pulled a dictaphone and notepad out of the glove compartment. The dirty doorbell barely made a noise, but he opened the door in a flash. He was grubby, with lank greasy hair and yellowing features. "Come in, son," he wheezed, not even asking who I was. "I'd offer you a brew, but I've got n'owt in," he added, gesturing for me to sit.

He still didn't ask who I was. "I'm James – I think you spoke to my edi..." I was interrupted. "You're here about the hand of glory, lad." His yellow eyes lit up.

"Hand of glory?" I asked, confused.

"Nigh on 12 years I've been on at your lot to feature me in't paper. It's the real deal, you know! One of only two or three in't north, I'll bet."

"I... wha...?" I was lost for words.

"Ere, let me grab it for you." He darted off into another, even grubbier room where the maroon curtains were closed shut. He returned with a wooden box covered in markings and symbols.

"Hand o' glory," he said proudly as he tapped the box lid. I peered closer as he continued. "It's the severed 'and of an executed man." And with that, I jolted back.

"They reckon this one were 'anged for murder in 1894. So. You gonna put me in yer paper?"

I suddenly felt uneasy and unsure of my surroundings. "Fuck this," I thought. "Er, I best come back with a photographer, mate," I mumbled as I edged toward the door. The door was locked. Fuck.

"Touch it," he uttered, much softer now. "Just look at it, touch it, and then you'll understand, and can be on yer way." Hesitant, but with my car in full view, I very quickly opened the box and ran my index finger across the mummified hand, careful not to look as I did. He sighed and closed his eyes. "Bye, lad," he whispered.

Back in my car, I finally breathed out and laughed to myself as I saw the man peer through his curtains.

"Fucking cursed hand," I chuckled under my breath. I went to put my notebook and dictaphone in the glove compartment but froze in fear as it dropped open. There it was. The fucking hand of glory. The cursed hand of a condemned man. My cursed hand. Me, now the condemned man.

28 SWIM IN THE BOLLOCK-DESTROYING GREAT NORTH SEA

● If you want a nice swim, go after a few days of sun. If you want something that'll shock the life into you, try the North Sea.

Top tips

↔ In cold water you can only swim a tenth of the distance you can in warmer waters. Don't go too far out. *David Start*

↔ Don't do it if you've got a dodgy ticker. People have been known to have a heart attack from the cold shock.

↔ Swim with someone else. Drowning is an invisible process.

↔ Always check the depth of the water, even if you've swam there many times. The depth can change over night.



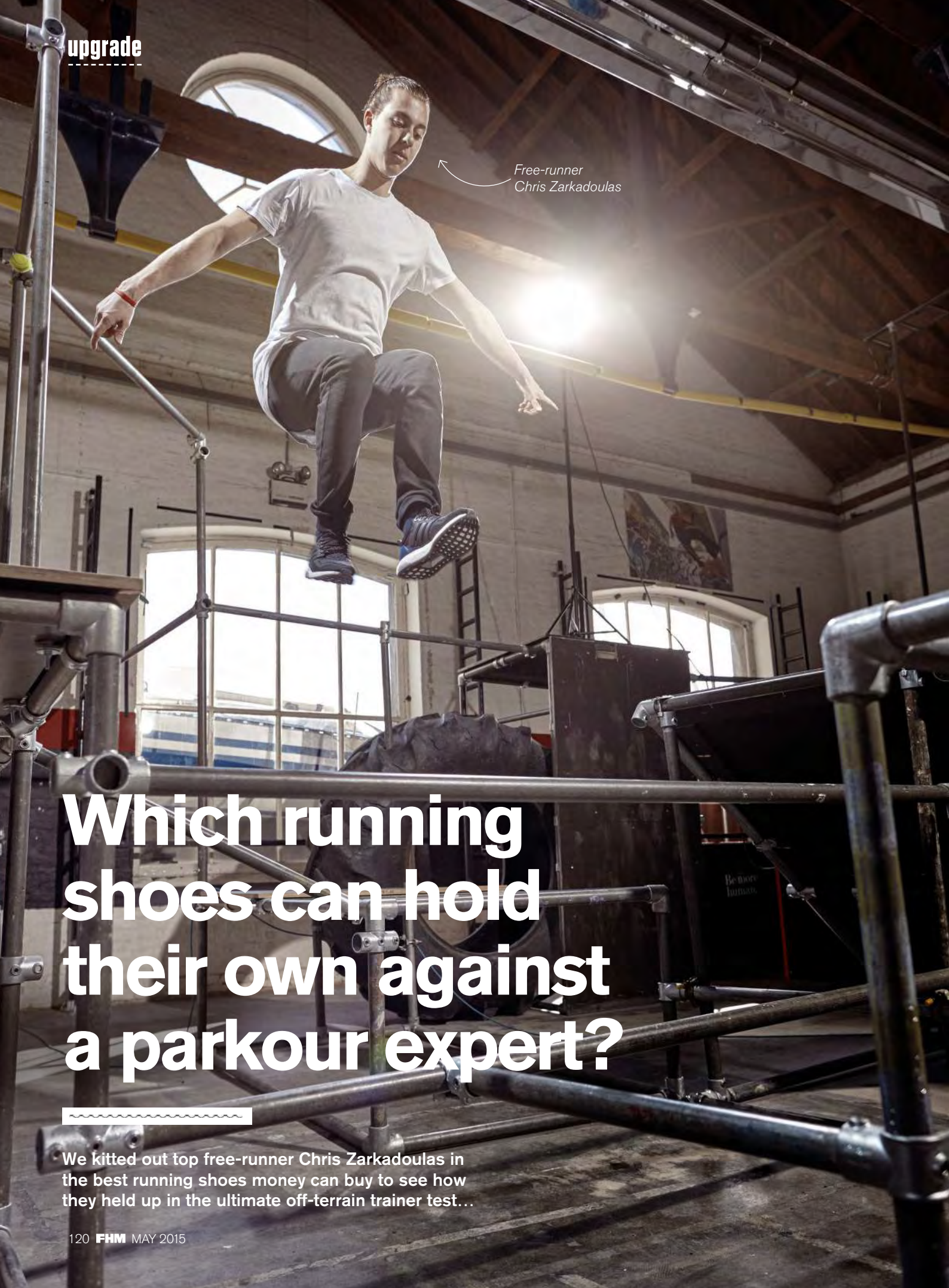
29 GET A CLASSIC ENERGY BOOST

30 FIND TRUE SILENCE IN THE DARKEST PLACE IN THE UK

● Dartmouth is without a shadow of a doubt the best place in the country, if not Europe, to take in the night sky with no disturbance. It's a national dark sky reserve where you're not allowed street lights. Take a tent and camp in the moors with your friends or your girlfriend and you'll feel like you're at the end of the world.

Tom Kerrs

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALAMY, GETTY



Which running shoes can hold their own against a parkour expert?

We kitted out top free-runner Chris Zarkadoulas in the best running shoes money can buy to see how they held up in the ultimate off-terrain trainer test…

ADIDAS ULTRA BOOST
£130
jdsports.co.uk

The high-tech trainer that Adidas confidently dubbed as the greatest running shoe ever before it was even released.

Comfort
"The sock design is brilliant," says Chris. "I prefer it over all of the other shoes. It compresses the shoe around your foot so there's a lot less movement, even when the shoe laces start to loosen up. It's quite difficult to get them on your feet initially, though."

Flexibility
"They're incredibly flexible and bend really well. In parkour and running you obviously need your foot to be protected, but you also don't want your shoes to be too stiff. These strike a great balance."

Grip
"You always expect the grip on your trainers to need a bit of wearing in if they're straight out of the box but to be honest, these were great. And the bonus is they'd probably get even better after a few weeks."

Overall
The type of trainers a marathon-running ninja would wear. Sleek, stylish and 100% quality that more than lives up to Adidas's weighty claims.

5/5

Winner!



PUMA IGNITE
£80
jdsports.co.uk

Puma's powerhouse running shoe, nine years in development and worn by none other than the world's fastest man himself, Usain Bolt.

Comfort
"The fit isn't brilliant. I was actually wearing them half a size smaller than I usually would but I could still feel my foot sliding around, which isn't really great for serious running. I could see myself getting injured in these."

Flexibility
"It was surprisingly quite low. There's a chance that this could improve once they've been worn in a little, but fresh out of the box, I couldn't imagine properly running in them."

Grip
"They feel quite plasticy on your feet, I don't think I'd feel like I could trust them to keep me from hurting myself and slipping. There isn't much there to be honest."

Overall
The *Terminator 3* of running shoes. In principle they sound ace, they're backed by a bona fide hero, they look ace and they've got some serious tech behind them, yet sadly, they don't quite live up.

2/5



UNDER ARMOUR
£110
underarmour.com

An ultra-futuristic svelte shoe from Under Armour, a brand little-known outside the big three, but a serious contender when it comes to running.

Comfort
"Fantastic. You can tell a lot of thought has gone into the shoes. The sole inside is really nice and soft but not too thick, the heel isn't ridiculously chunky – it just all works really well."

Flexibility
"They're incredibly supportive but you still have a lot of sensitivity. There's a good bend to them."

Grip
"I was running up walls in them and they didn't have any trouble sticking. I can't see them letting you down on a more straightforward jog or marathon."

Overall
A sterling effort in comparison to the other trainers on the list. If you're looking to try an alternative to some of the bigger brands on the market, you could do much worse than strapping on a pair of these. Pretty much faultless.

4/5



REEBOK VENTILATOR
£80
jdsports.co.uk

A retro techtastic '90s revamp, the first Reebok athletic trainer to introduce the vented side panels that have since become synonymous with running shoes.

Comfort
"They look great, but could you actually wear them for running? Probably not. It's definitely more style over substance."

Flexibility
"It wasn't even in the same ballpark as the other shoes."

Grip
"This, again, was pretty much non-existant, but it could have been hindered by the thickness of the sole – there's zero sensitivity, so it's hard to tell."

Overall
An iconic reissue of a classic trainer, there's no doubting that the Ventilators look bloody brilliant but unfortunately, when it comes to pounding the tarmac, they just don't cut the mustard.

1/5





HEAD TO FHM.COM TO SEE OUR VIDEO OF CHRIS PUTTING THE TRAINERS THROUGH THEIR PACES...

PHOTOGRAPHY: GLEN BURROWS, MARCO VITTOR

Build your guns

Turn your puny rods into sick swans by overloading, getting pumped and eating steak. Just don't skip leg day

Scott Laidler is one of the world's leading personal trainers and nutritional experts. Throughout his career, he's been the go-to fitness guru for TV personalities and Hollywood actors. Here's Scott's guide to going from scrawny to brawny…

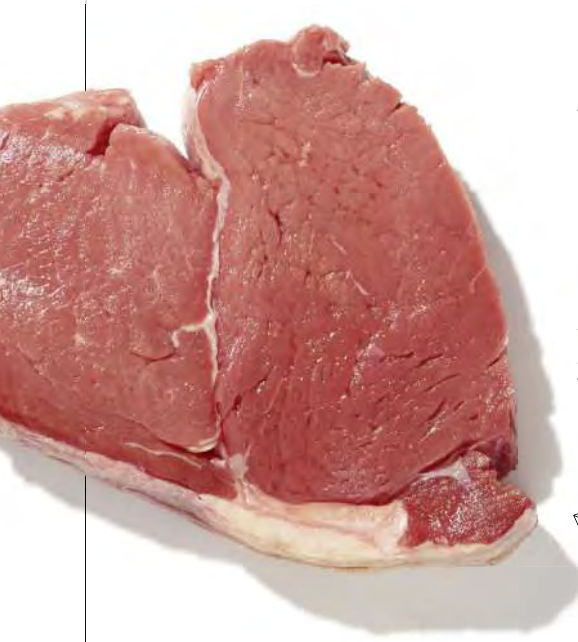


Powerballs are handy for getting extra training in at work (£10.99, amazon.co.uk)

01

NO PAIN, NO GAIN

"I made huge gains on my biceps with massive overloads. That means really pushing yourself and your muscles until absolute failure. There was a point where I just had to stop training my arms because they were getting way too out of proportion with the rest of my body. It's a sure-fire way to gain half an inch on your biceps within a month. You're shocking your muscles into action."



Ensure you're on a calorie surplus for your workouts. Protein is key for muscle growth

02

SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE

"Bicep curls are ripe for bad form. A lot of people swing the weights and work too quickly. I tell people to slow it down because then there's no way to cheat yourself. I also tell people to keep their elbows as close to their ribs as possible when they lift as if they've covered their sides in superglue. You can't give yourself an inch if you want to really isolate your muscles."

03

DON'T SKIP LEG DAY

"It sounds stupid, but working on your legs can help your arms increase in size too. If you're doing squats and other leg exercises, your body is way more prepared to build muscle as a whole. Leg workouts are also great for releasing testosterone, which is the body's natural muscle builder. And beyond all that, who wants a bulky upper-body and skinny legs?"

04

EAT LIKE A HAPPY HORSE

"You should ignore those bodybuilders who upload bland snaps of chicken and broccoli to Instagram – a good diet needn't be boring or plain. Stack up on steak, and enjoy your Sunday roasts, as long as you chuck some sweet potatoes and veg in there, you're cool to add sauces and all of that stuff. The aim is to make sure that you're chomping down as much protein in your meals as possible."



Stretch your pecs with a resistance band (Matt Robert's resistance bands, £12.99, mattroberts.co.uk)



Make powergrips part of your daily home workout (adjustable powergrip, £4.50, amazon.co.uk)

05

GET DUMB

"When it comes to building biceps at home, dumbbells are your most important pieces of equipment. They're perfect for isolating the muscle and perfectly affordable. Heavy resistance bands and powergrips are also good, and power balls are great for getting extra training in at work. It's also important to do wrist-strengthening exercises too or you'll suffer when you move on to heavier weights."



Dumbbells – tonnes cheaper than the gym (chrome dumbbell, £29.90, amazon.co.uk)

06

GET YOUR NOSE IN A NOTEPAD

"I can't stress the importance of tracking your workouts enough. I do it the old-school way, with a pen and pad, but most people use their iPhones. Every workout needs to have an element of progress, and there's nothing worse than going to the gym and having no idea what you were lifting last week. You'll never progress that way – you need to be competing against yourself, and always moving forward."

07

GET DISCIPLINED

"If you're training extremely hard, but not getting proper rest or the right food in your body, then you're doomed to failure. You can actually end up using your own muscle as fuel and after months of training, you'll end up skinnier than when you began. Once you start sorting out any obstacles that might get in the way of your workout, then you'll find that your whole life will improve too. The people making the most gains are also the people who have their shit in order."

08

LISTEN TO THE TERMINATOR

"You can find motivation from anywhere – most people find that competing against a mate works wonders. I actually pump myself up by listening to inspirational speeches; my favourite is Arnold Schwarzenegger's commencement speech at the University of Southern California, The Six Rules of Success. It really gets the adrenaline going, and inspires me to be the best."



Get bulging biceps with a dumbbell workout

Rolling dumbbell skull crusher
Lie back on a bench with a dumbbell in each hand straight above your chest in a hammer position. Slowly bend your elbows and allow your upper arms to rest on either side of your head. Reverse the motion to return the dumbbell to its original position.

Push-up-position hammer curl
Grasp a pair of dumbbells in each hand and assume a push-up position with your palms facing inwards. Alternate curling the weights upwards towards your shoulder with each arm.

Incline dumbbell curl
Sitting back on an incline bench, hold dumbbells with your arms by your sides and palms facing inwards. Curl your arms upwards while twisting your palms away from your body. Reset and repeat.

Floor press
Lie on your back. Allow your triceps to rest on the floor with your elbows close to your sides and wrists facing each other. Press the weights straight up.

One-arm-bent-over row
Hold a dumbbell in one hand and step forward with the opposite leg. Bend at the hips until your torso is approximately 45 degrees to the floor. Row the weight to your side.

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARCO VITTUR

Big things come in small packages

Small city cars have taken over the streets. The original revolutionary Smart car isn't going to take that lying down...



01
INTERIOR DESIGN
The three-spoke sports steering wheel comes in leather and the steering wheel bezel in anthracite and grey top-stitching.

02
CLEAR STEERING
Includes a direct-steer system with speed-sensitive steering power assistance and variable steering ratio.

03
LISTEN UP
AUX/USB, Bluetooth with hands-free, audio streaming for music transfer and smart-cross connect app for iOS and Android.

04
KITTED OUT
The Sports package and the Cool & Audio package are already on board the Smart car fortwo as standard features.



SMART FORTWO EDITION #1
PRICE: £13,225
LIKELY REPAYMENTS: £139 a month with a £2,011 deposit
ENGINE: 3 in-line direct injection petrol
POWER: 71 bhp
0-62MPH: 14.4 sec
TOP SPEED: 94 mph
AVERAGE ECONOMY: 68.9 mpg

Like the plot of some '80s breakdance movie, the Smart car gang are gearing up to take back the city that's rightfully theirs. When it arrived first in 1998, the world didn't know what to make of the titchy little half-a-car that could park facing the kerb and easily get confused for a weird moped. The Smart car, it turned out, was a brilliant re-imagining of what a car could be in the city, and it changed motoring forever.

For a bit, anyway. That is, until everybody else jumped on the bandwagon. Soon came the Citroën C1, Toyota iQ, VW up! and more. Before long, everyone had a 'Little Car'. That means this new Smart is going to have to step up if it wants to take the top spot again…

THE BIG QUESTIONS

What happened to the back half?
Very funny. But yes, the Smart is disarmingly small. It looks like it's popped out of a car compactor and makes everything around it look like a rugby player.

It looks… weird.
Word is that Apple is not just interested in making laptops and smartphones but it's investigating making a car, too. Who knows what it'll look like if it does, but we'd bet it'd be something like this hunk of metal. The new Smart is so compact, curvy, cute and kick-ass, it could easily be related to an iPad Mini.

What's this Smart got going on?
It retains the tridion shell principle of the original Smart – essentially a steel bubble that encases the driver and passenger to make the it super-safe, despite its size. The slick front grille makes it look like it's been brought back from the future and options for coloured alloys set the car up as a design statement. The whole feel is that of a luxury motor from 2025 that's been shrunk down due to the effects of time teleportation.

Do I have to drive like a granny?
Er, yes. A bit. Look, there's no two ways about it: if you want to screech round corners like you're in *Bad Boys III*, this is not the car for you. The Smart is about fun and responsive driving, but when your car is about the size of a kitchen table then there has to be a limit. The Smart is about economy and at 70mpg, it'll make sure you stare in bafflement trying to remember what a petrol station is.

Small equals cheap inside, right?
Absolutely not. There isn't another car interior in the world that has as much impact as the Smart. From the techno-fabric dashboard to the curvy binnacle swoops, the retro temperature slider to the perky rev counter, everything about the interior is pop luxury.

Sounds nice, but isn't it a bit pricey?
This car is steep for its size, but what you lose in bulk you make up for in class. If you want small and cheap there are loads of other options that will get you about just fine, but you're paying for the quality of the design.

Am I going to get laughed at by blokes?
Maybe, but who cares? There are some chaps who would never be able to wear a car this small. Some men will always want a BMW M-Monster with turbo-charged stripes. For those in the real world who want to get about, you'll want something practical and stylish that won't have you scraping other motors when you park up.

Am I going to get laughed at by women?
Turn up in this and you'll look the ultimate metrosexual – a man comfortable with the size of his penis and sense of style who's in touch with his feelings. Hopefully, this will help you get in touch with her feelings too. **FHM**

Four motors that make the Smart car look like Goliath

Itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny cars for man-about-town types have been razzing round for generations



BMW ISETTA (1953) 'BUBBLE CAR'
This egg-like car started out as a motorcycle development. Just 2.3m long and 1.5m wide.



FIAT 500 (1957)
It's less than 3m long and is 1.3m wide but this little car sold millions in various forms worldwide.



PEEL 50 (1962)
It's 1.3m long and just under 1m wide. In all, 47 of the Isle of Man-made cars were sold of the initial run at £199 each.



TATA NANO (2008)
Designed as the cheapest car in the world, it's 3m long to take four passengers but just 1.5m wide to keep them cosy.

WORDS: CONOR McNICHOLAS. PHOTOGRAPHY: REX

Back to basics in the Lake District

FHM travels to the wettest place in the UK in search of the British whisky dream and a decent Sunday roast…



WALK THE RIVER COCKER

Clocking in at five miles long, the trail that follows the River Cocker is an occasionally slippy, shoe-destroying route that'll make you feel alive (and then bloody knackered). Make sure you wear some decent walking boots as you pass through woodland, sheep fields and turnstiles that look like they were built by vikings.

Know before you go

Travel
The closest train station to Cockermouth is Penrith, followed by a 40-minute cab drive. If you have the means, take your own car.

Stay
An en suite double room in the four-star Trout Hotel, Cockermouth, starts at £100 per night.

Drink
A pint of Cumbrian ale will set you back around £2.60 in most local pubs.

Bring a brolly

On a taxi journey to Cockermouth, we were told by local experts that the area was one of the wettest in the UK. Nearly 24 hours later, we were stuck in full monsoon-like downpour on top of a hill in a non-waterproof jacket, being pelted by raindrops that felt like bee stings on our frozen faces. Always read the brochure, people.





Sleep next door to Wordsworth

The Trout Hotel stands next door to the birthplace of poet William Wordsworth (open to the public for tours.) The Trout is the type of hotel where the staff feel like your long-lost relatives, the food is plentiful and the floorboards are so slanted, you'll feel like you're drunk whenever you climb the stairs.

Get a proper Sunday roast

Depending on which side of the Pennines you go to, you'll get told that it was either the Yorkshiremen or the Cumbrians that invented Sunday roasts. We'd normally side with the former, but the fluffy mashed potatoes and tender lamb shank that we feasted on made us question everything. Proof that if you want some serious comfort food, you need to go up north.



Get Michelin-worthy grub

With a menu created by Terry Laybourne, the first chef to bring a Michelin star to the north-east of England, the Bistro next to the Lakes Distillery rural site serves the type of food that would make your average *Great British Bake Off* viewer chew their right arm off for. We stuffed our stomachs with Cumbrian cheese soufflés, fried salmon, braised cabbage, pork belly and black pudding.



Join the whisky revolution

The waters of the Lake District are among the purest in Britain, which makes the area perfect for whisky making. We found this out during a boozy tour of the Lakes Distillery, a prime contender for taking on the Scots at their own game in the next few years when they release their first single malt. *Visit lakesdistillery.co.uk*

Speak like a local

Get your tongue around that tricky northern dialect with a few key phrases

Aas ganna lowp ower yon yat.
I am going to jump over that gate.

Give awer yer donnat.
You must be pulling my plonker.

Lemme dow this.
I'll just finish my pint.

Y'alreet marra?
How's it going, friend?

Could do witha netty.
I need to go to the toilet.

Les gan furra scran.
Let's go and eat some food.

Was any'un got a pun?
Can somebody let me borrow a pound?

Was tha fluff on ya mush?
When did you grow that moustache on your upper lip?

Hoy me that paper?
Could you pass me that newspaper?

Slapa smile on yu dial.
Put a smile on your face.

Av jus split mi kecks on tha yat.
I've just split my trousers climbing over that gate.

WORDS: JORDAN WALLER. PHOTOGRAPHY: SHUTTERSTOCK, CUMBRIA TOURISM (GOLAKES.CO.UK). BRAISED SHOULDER OF LAKELAND LAMB AND SUNDAY ROAST IMAGE: HONEST LAWYER RESTAURANT



FHM Girlfriend

Gabriella

From Brazil by way of Hong Kong with a little Italian and Polish thrown in for good measure, meet our geek-loving new girlfriend…

James Lightbown
Nick Pope



From: Brazil
Occupation: Model
Age: 32
Instagram: @gabigauza
Likes: Chocolate, chips dipped in ice cream, beaches and geeks

FHM: **Hi Gabriella! Where in Brazil are you from?**
Gabriella: I'm from the south, near Argentina. My great-grandfather came from Poland though, and my mum's side is Italian. Quite a mix.
So where do the best-looking people come from? The north or south of Brazil?
Ha-ha! Well some people say the south but I don't want to get in trouble, plus, I've been in England for 10 years now…
Why would you ever move here?
London's actually quite similar to the city where my family live. It rains a lot in south Brazil and gets really cold in the winter – we don't have snow but it does get pretty freezing, like -3˚C.
You've travelled quite a lot. Where's the best place?
I used to live in Hong Kong which was cool. I got invited on private boats by the club owners. Serious party people. It was kind of crazy – we'd go in the morning and stay for a weekend. We'd just party and drink a lot…
What's the difference between an English guy and a Brazilian guy?
I actually don't really like dating Brazilian guys because they're not very faithful. I know that you'll sometimes find an English guy who's the same but generally, they're more loyal. Brazilians are a lot more confident; they think they own you.
Where would you like to live next?
I'd like to live in Canada.
Have you tried the weird chips, gravy and cheese curds they do?
Poutine? That's so good, I love it.
What other kind of insanely fatty foods do you like?
I like carbonara, I like chocolate… Really, I just like to eat.
Is the way to a girl's heart knowing how to cook for them?
Yes, but you also have to look after her, make her smile and make her happy. It's good to know that a guy can cook though, it definitely doesn't hurt.
What's the weirdest food you like?
I don't know about me but my mum likes to dip chips in ice cream… That's definitely a bit weird isn't it? »



What else do you find attractive?
I like nerds; men who are very techy and like their gadgets and stuff.
So if a guy came up to you in a club, with pens in his pocket, carrying around a laptop and talking about *Star Wars*...?
No, that would be a bit weird for me! Not in a club, but if we were in a coffee shop, then yes.
What's the nerdiest you'll go? Comic Book Guy out of *The Simpsons*, Mark Zuckerberg...
Mark Zuckerberg – I could go there.
What would be too nerdy? What if we met you and made you watch all of the *Star Wars* films and wouldn't go out with you unless you knew everything about it?
Oh god! I would leave.
Life-size model of Jar Jar Binks?
That would be creepy, I would run a mile! Maybe I need to think of another word for nerds...
Geeks?
Geeks! I like geeks.
So there's a geek in the coffee shop, he's playing his video games and you've got your cappuccino... How does he approach you?
He can come and ask about something. It depends on the mood I'm in. If I'm not in the mood to talk, I'm going to be rude. If I'm in the mood to talk and I find him attractive, he'll have a chance. I don't like guys who are overconfident and get too in my face. Also, I don't like guys who are super tanned...
Thank god for our pasty skin tone.... What else puts you off, other than perma-tanned superlads?
Wearing really low trousers that show underwear. Also, very long beards – I know it's trendy now, but it puts me off. I like a guy with a beard but it has to be trimmed. The long ones that haven't been looked after are a bit disgusting. Keep it under control! FHM

"I like very techy guys, nerds, and men who are into their gadgets"



Quick-fire round

Pint or prosecco?
Prosecco, definitely
Sofa or gym?
Gym! If I had more time I'd be there every day. I do boot camp and body pump
Beanie or bikini?
Beanie
Twitter or Instagram?
Instagram. I use that quite a lot
Bum or boobs?
Ha, I'd say bum.
Dogs or cats?
Dogs!
McDonald's or Burger King?
Burger King, it's much better than McDonald's
Boat ride or limo ride?
Boat ride. Those parties are crazy
Bedroom or living room?
Living room, lazing about in front of the TV
Heels or trainers?
Trainers!
Breakfast or dinner?
Oh, I like both!

Want to be an *FHM* Girlfriend? Go to fhm.com/girlfriend to apply

Gabriella's life this month: @gabigauza



I didn't want to leave this beautiful beach… #SecretPlace



Yes, Arya also eats at the dinner table. Not really! #MyBaby



Breakfast of champions! #Yummy



Not as easy as it looks… #Pilates #Exercise

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES LIGHTBOWN. HAIR AND MAKE-UP: CHARLOTTE GASKELL AT LHA REPRESENTS. HAIR AND MAKE-UP ASSISTANT: ROSANNA LARNA. STYLING: EMMA LIGHTBOWN. CLOTHES: SHIRT, AMERICAN APPAREL AMERICANAPPAREL.NET. LINGERIE: YAMAMAY. YAMAMAY.COM/EN

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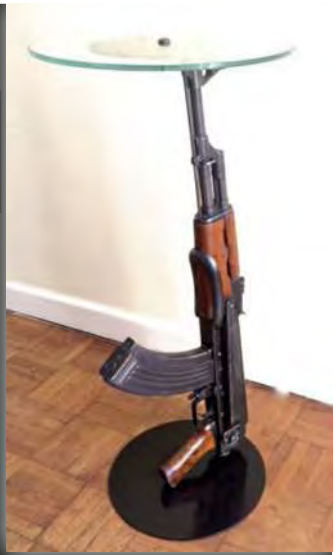
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True story:

"I was shot 17 times in every part of my body you can think of. I could feel the hot metal ripping through my flesh…"



DANNY ACTED AS A DRIVER FOR THE BMF

Danny Jones was just a normal guy trying to make ends meet on the rough streets of St Louis, Missouri. While working as a dog breeder, a chance meeting with a member of the Black Mafia Family (BMF) saw him rocketed into the heart of one of the biggest drug gangs in recent American history.

The BMF built a $270 million illegal empire in a crazy five-year spell between 2000 and 2005. With outfits set up across the US in LA, Detroit, Dallas and Atlanta. Jones went from delivery driver to one of the key figures in the BMF, privy to their inner working at the peak of their activity until it all came to a bloody end amid a hail of bullets and false accusations…

SOME NAMES OF THOSE INVOLVED HAVE BEEN REDACTED

"I WAS ALWAYS GOOD WITH DOGS. Training, breeding, looking after them – it eventually became my main job and I became known as 'The Dog Man' when I started to breed them properly. A dog I was breeding had puppies, and a member of a gang called the Black Mafia Family (BMF) drove by and said he wanted one of them. I had no idea who he was.

"One of the BMF guys called Wonnie – who lived in St Louis, Missouri – took a picture of the puppies and showed it to one of his bosses, Terry, who was in California. He then paid me $10,000 to maintain his dogs. That was my in with them and, before long, they wanted me as their driver. I didn't have a clue what I was getting myself into. I just did what they said; I asked no questions. I was making $2,000 for a seven-hour, all-expenses paid trip to Atlanta."

"AT THAT POINT, THEY WERE JUST FEELING ME OUT. I was held at arms length; I didn't go to their meetings. I'd just pick up bags, oblivious that they were full of cash. I saw no drugs. No guns. My neighbours thought I was running a car service.

"To test my loyalty, they once left me with $1.5 million to see if I would take anything. I didn't need to because I was making so much money just driving around for them. After a year, they eventually trusted me."

"THEIR COCAINE LAB WAS MOVED FROM ATLANTA TO ST LOUIS. I became a manager, and that meant moving a lot of drugs. I had to make sure everything was under control and keep track of the outgoings. Our operation ran 24-hours a day. People were coming in from all over the place – California, Miami, Detroit. Coke was constantly coming in. We had separate crews: one to count money, and one to cut the dope. I'd never seen so many drugs. People in the house would be smoking weed to help them get through the night."

"THE LIMOS WE USED FOR TRANSPORT HAD SECRET COMPARTMENTS. Some of the vehicles could hold up to 100 bricks of cocaine. You had to do four or five different things just to make the compartment pop open: press a button on the dashboard, flick on the wipers, step on a brake. Every car was different. They were totally airtight so sniffer dogs wouldn't smell a thing.

"This carried on for a couple of years and we became one of the biggest organisations in the world, not just in the US. Most of the crew flashed the cash on big nights out but I never went to the clubs, I never went to the parties. I kept my head down.

"The others drove amazing cars and wore jewellery worth hundreds of thousands. People knew exactly who they were. They'd buy out whole clubs for the night. It was called 'making it rain', because it would be raining champagne, girls, you name it. There could be up to 30 gang members partying in a club.







DANNY JONES IN HOSPITAL AFTER THE SHOOTING

"I'd had a good run. It stopped in 2005 when one of the bosses, Meech, was arrested. The Feds hit the money house in St Louis. I was out at the time, visiting a guy who owed us some cash. When I returned, it didn't look right. There were lots of cars – and not the normal flashy Bentleys and Rolls-Royces. And, when I saw a guy through the window wearing a DEA jacket, I knew it was bad news. I tried to back out of the driveway, but they got me.

"I was released the same day. I was charged with hitting a police vehicle but I was only locked up for five hours. They had nothing on me. I waited a week and then went back to both houses. The money house was trashed. The lab house had been broken into. Thing was, I knew it wasn't the authorities. They didn't know about it."

"WHILE WE WERE ALL LOCKED UP, one of the BMF members went back to the lab house and took the remaining 63k of coke and some guns. A big player called [redacted], who was feuding with Wonnie at the time, saw me in the county jail and acted weirdly. He was looking at me the whole time and making a lot of calls. I knew he was behind the break in, yet I was starting to get the finger pointed at me. Word was spreading. I was charged with drug conspiracy with 100 other members. [redacted] was telling lies to everyone, like I had a helicopter and a Bentley. Gang members were talking to police."

"THEY WANTED ME TO TESTIFY AGAINST TERRY TO GET A LIGHTER SENTENCE. He was like family, though. At the findings, I discovered what happened to the missing drugs. I requested a meet-up with the remaining gang members.

"I was having dinner at a restaurant in October 2008 when a familiar, black pick-up truck drove by. Something was up. I took my girlfriend back to her apartment and headed to the meet-up. I went down to my car and the same black vehicle was there. I was shot 17 times in every part of my body you can think of. I still have two bullets left in me. There was one in my back. They had to remove part of my testicle. I could feel the hot metal of the bullets ripping through my flesh."

"I WAS BLEEDING PROFUSELY. Then he shot me in the face. I needed five operations for that alone. [redacted] had ordered a hit to keep me quiet about the break in. I was in a coma for two months. They didn't think I would make it. The authorities had to wait until I was better before I went to prison in July 2011. I had to learn how to walk again. I was like a baby. I didn't want to live if I wasn't going to be able to look after myself. I got prepared and did what I needed to do. As part of my sentence, I helped the police with their dog training and bred some for them. It's funny how shit happens." FHM

What happened next?

01 Gang leaders, Terry and his brother Meech, were both jailed for 30 years while more than 150 members of the BMF were indicted.

02 Danny Jones went back to normal life after making a miraculous recovery from his point-blank shooting hell. He still breeds dogs and also speaks to kids in underprivileged communities in St Louis. "I live a different life now," he said. "There's only two ways you are going to go – dead, or jail for life. I say to the kids, if you're getting yourself into stuff, make sure you are fully aware of what the outcome will be."

03 Rapper 50 Cent is planning a movie about the BMF's run from the '80s to the 2000s.

WORDS: STEVE BRENNER. PHOTOGRAPHY: INTERVIEWEE'S OWN

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

10 TELLTALE SIGNS YOU NEED TO QUIT YOUR JOB



10
You have frequent work dreams
We're not talking about the kind where you and Lord Sugar are lighting cigars with 50 quid notes, but more the sort where something goes catastrophically wrong with an Excel spreadsheet. And then your boss yells at you. And then your pants fall down and everyone laughs and calls you 'pencil dick'.

09
You're on first name terms with Carol from HR
Partly because she had to have a chat with you after those emails came to light. Partly because of that impression you did at the Christmas party. HR professionals are like Dementors from *Harry Potter*. They'll eventually suck all life out of you, unless you leave first.

08
Your colleagues don't make tea anymore
The great British tea round is on the verge of extinction, thanks to young whippersnappers surviving on industrial protein shakes and energy drinks called things like 'Nerve Shitter'. An end to the humble tea round is a sign that you're too old for this place, pops.

07
Management begin using posh words
"We're reimagining the core brand vales..." [No one is buying our stuff anymore] "...and will be streamlining the team for greater interdepartmental synergy..." [We're sacking loads of people] "...so will now be consulting on..." [And you're next, pal]. Get out. Now.

06
You post between four and nine Facebook status updates per day
Notice how you've been refreshing the browser every 3.5 minutes to see if anyone's retweeted your "Why don't you ever see Jammie Dodgers anymore?! Lol" tweet? Or how you're constantly following those Facebook status arguments between the thickos you went to school with?

05
Someone puts up a 'keep calm and carry on' poster
We can't all work at Fun Central Ltd, but we can at least hope for a stiff upper-lip mentality. No one *really* loves their job, but it's at least necessary to avoid talking about hating it. If your workmates are flying quasi-ironic posters just to get them through, then it's a sure sign you need to jump ship.

04
You have a few tinnies on the way home
Train beers can be a great bolt-loosener after a week of back-slapping success and deal-making. Yippee! Let's drink to your success, go-getter! But sipping a can of Tyskie out of a brown bag on the number 19 bus is more a sign of drinking to forget. Next stop? Destitution.

03
People joke about how long you've been there
"Ha-ha, this legend's part of the furniture" they jape. "Ooh, seven years? You get less for murder!" goes the banter. "Yeah, that guy smells of ham and we think he might sleep here sometimes..." you overhear them say. Maybe time to have a quick look at the job ads, yeah?

02
You begin taking tactical poos
Away from the hum of your desk is a special place where everything's done on your terms and no-one can judge you. Hail the sanctuary of the toilet cubicle, and the refuge it offers all Candy Crush Saga skivers and secret weepers.

01
Someone younger and better-looking is employed
Remember that Christmas when you were voted 'Most Pert Bottom Cheeks 2012?' Yeah? Well no-one else does. That's because since then, someone with less wrinkles and more Twitter followers has started working in your office, the little clean-shirted shit. Ah well, there's always the toilet cubicle. Your bum will always be number one there...

See you next month...

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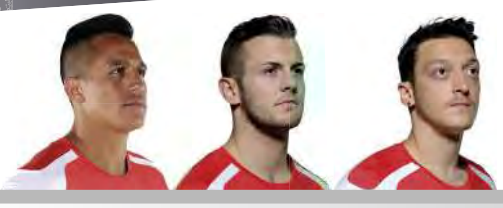
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